Saturday Review

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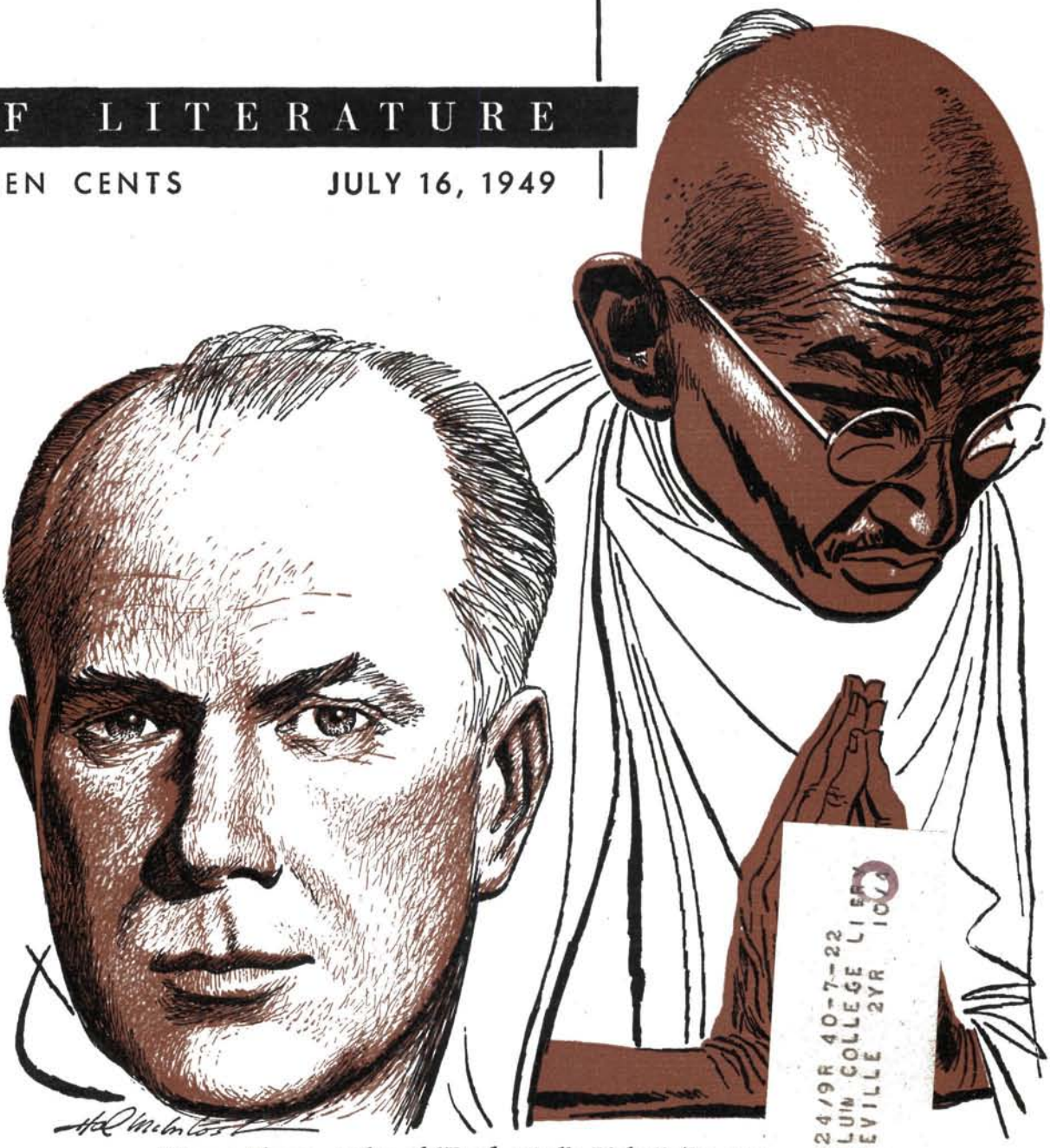
(See page 18)



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The Life of the Par

What It Means to Be a Communist

By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, Jr.

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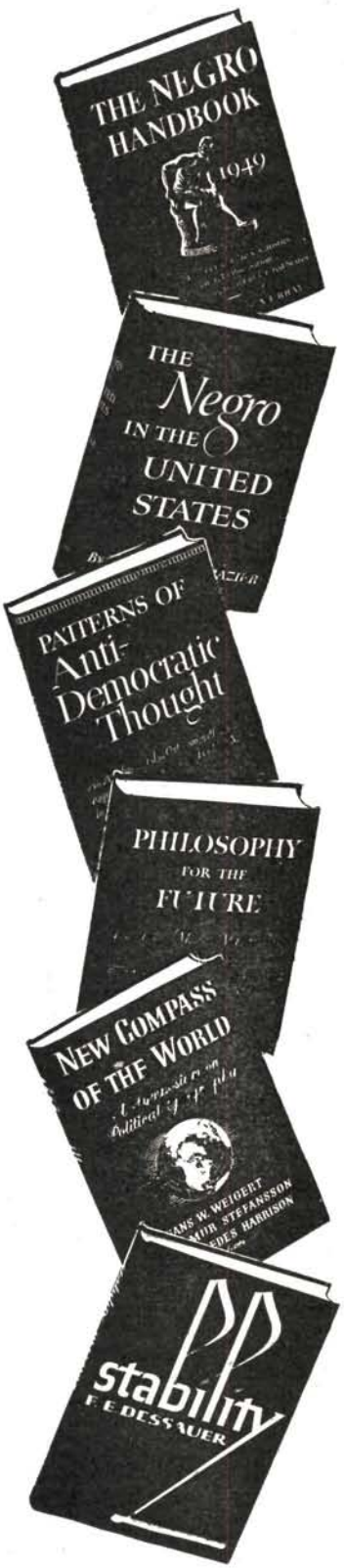

AT ALL BOOKSTORES THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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July 16, 1949

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TRADE Winds

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

CITIZENS OF THE great city of New York, inclined to crow about the champagne-like air, the manifest opulence and glitter of their surroundings, must be forced every now and so often to examine some of the more flagrant shortcomings that lurk below the surface. New Yorkers do not mean to be unfair or heedless about these things; their preoccupation and indifference can be shattered if only someone takes the trouble to holler loud enough. In the fall of 1947 I told you what steps were being formulated to improve the pitifully inadequate public-school system. Today I want to talk about another great institution that is being shamefully neglected and taken far too much for granted: the famous New York Public Library.

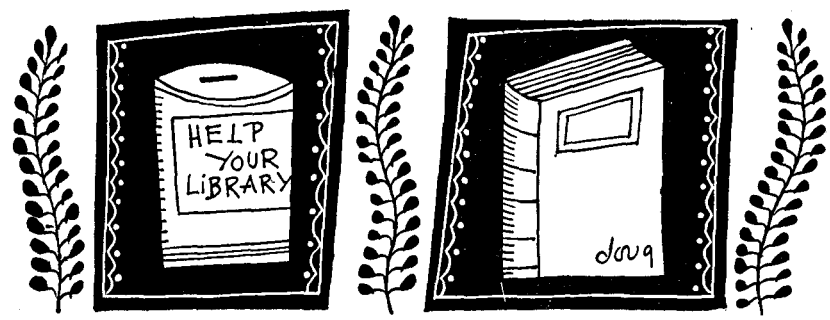
To out-of-towners, the "Library" means the beautiful edifice at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, once the site of the old Croton Reservoir, and thrown open to a momentarily appreciative public in 1911. Scattered through the boroughs, however, are sixty-five branches, understaffed and undersupplied. In Boston, the public library has eleven volumes for each registered borrower. Cleveland has nine. Baltimore, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, and St. Louis have from five to eight. New York has barely two! The city's professional librarians—graduates of a protracted and stiff course of instruction—begin work at $2,470 a year, clerical assistants at $1,800. Pimply-faced office boys and street cleaners usually fare better than that these days—and a lucky thing too, as anybody trying to live on such a scale in Manhattan today can testify. Last year a full third of the library's personnel quit cold to seek more remunerative employment. The other two-thirds have itchy feet.

The financial system of the Forty-second Street Library is a peculiar one. Nominally, it is a private corporation, set up under state charter. It operates its circulation department for the city, however, with city funds. Its remarkable reference department, one of the greatest in the world, is supported entirely by *private* funds, though it occupies the building rent free. This intricate arrangement permits the state to pass the buck to the city, and the city to pass it on to private philanthropists (a breed rapidly disappearing as a result of income and inheritance taxes) and winds up with nobody passing enough bucks to the Library itself. A glance at the Library's history will show how the divided responsibility came about, but will not clear up the mystery of why nothing ever has been done to simplify the set-up.

The oldest public libraries in New York were the Astor, opened in 1854, and the Lenox, opened in 1875. They were both on the hoity-toity side, with liveried doormen and other fancy trimmings, and the general populace was too awed to patronize them extensively. In 1886, Samuel J. Tilden, ex-Governor of New York, died and left his entire fortune of some four million dollars for a less restricted public library in the city. His will was contested, and the final bequest cut in half, but the fund was still ample enough to persuade the Astor and Lenox trustees to pool their resources to share in the benefits. In 1900, Andrew Carnegie made a gift of more than five millions to the city for library building, and the Astor-Lenox-Tilden consolidation was made an integral part of the expanded—and complicated—New York Free Circulating Library. Since that time great benefactions have been received from the Harknesses, Kennedys, Ledyards, Rockefellers, Thompsons, and Payne Whitneys, but, as noted, that source is drying up, and public funds must take up the slack if adequate service is to be maintained.

To watch that service in operation, and understand the mechanics that make it possible, I made a complete tour of the main building as the guest of Director Ralph A. Beals. Beals arrived by way of the University of Chicago in 1946, to replace the retiring Franklin Hopper, whose cooperation with the publishing industry during the difficult war days is remembered gratefully. Beals is fortunate in having a crackerjack business manager in the person of Richard Brett to do most of the worrying about unbalanced budgets. Brett, a brother of President George Brett of the Macmillan Company, left Macmillan himself in 1942 to wrestle with the Library's problems, and has yet to have his shoulders pinned to the mat, though these days he's breathing hard. Paul North Rice, chief of the Reference Department, Edith Busby, superintendent of the Book Order Office, Esther Johnston, chief of the Circulation Department, and Margaret Wehler, supervisor of Branches, are other invaluable members of the Beals team, and Anna Glantz, the personable chief of Public Relations, is performing a wonderful job in finally awakening New York's populace to the problems of the Library—and the inestimable and varied services performed thereby.

The Central Library building is a city in itself, with its own restaurant, print shop, book bindery, carpentry shop, exhibition rooms for paintings and prints, and eighty miles of shelving to accommodate the millions of reference volumes. The forecourt of the building, fronting Fifth Avenue, has been the scene of countless civic ceremonies and rallies; the famous Library lions, sculpted by E. C. Potter, the favorite jumping-off point for innumerable romantic interludes both in real life and in the movies. The cavernous entrance chamber and the spacious corridors are in keeping with the grandeur of the building's exterior, but seem like a tragic waste of space to employees continuously harassed by lack of storage facilities for the thousands of new volumes added each year. There are elevators in the building, but impatient visitors are advised to avoid them. Molasses moves faster. Overcrowding has necessitated the partitioning of the central exhibition hall into private offices, but on the upper floors many wonderful special displays run simultaneously. Most fascinating at the moment are the collection of old New York prints (Miss Glantz had to pull me away from them by force) and the Berg library of first editions (including the Owen Young collection) in Room 320.



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Last year alone more than three million people availed themselves of the facilities of the Central Library. That's over 8,000 a day! Included were key personnel of almost every big business corporation in the city, in quest of specialized information buried in obscure tomes and records. Book publishers in particular had reason to be thankful for the existence of this treasure house of miscellaneous facts and figures. Historians and biographers came here to check their memories, song writers to complete their lyrics, hacks to write megalomaniacs' columns for them, famous novelists and neophytes to fill in backgrounds and perchance lift whole paragraphs from dead and forgotten predecessors.

New microfilm machines can show an entire month's issues of a fat metropolitan newspaper on a single roll of film. Unfortunately, there are not enough machines to satisfy the demand. Unfortunately, too, publicity and pleas for help invariably attract five times as many new patrons as they do funds.

Within a single hour, the information desk was called upon to answer these questions:

1. What is the oldest Catholic school in New York?
2. What was Rogers Hornsby's lifetime batting average?
3. What was the length of the steamship *Titanic*?
4. What was the origin of Mother Goose?
5. Where could one read all the facts about "goonies," the birds found on Midway Island?
6. Is it a legal necessity to have washrooms for customers in restaurants?
7. What were the names of Kris Kringle's reindeer? (Do you remember them yourself?)
8. How tall was Napoleon?
9. How many languages are there in the world?
10. What are the coastal currents and depth of water around the coast of Israel?

The library staff answered these questions and thousands of others, courteously, promptly, and free of charge. If a tiny fraction of the people who benefited thereby would contribute even modestly to the Library funds, or at least stir themselves to hasten the increase of city and state support, the annual deficits would not be so alarming, and might, in fact, disappear altogether. A special publishers' committee is struggling this year to see that at least its own industry shows material recognition for services rendered.

Crackpots appear at the Library with astonishing regularity. A truck driver appeared one morning to ask for a book on Siamese cats. "I want to check up on my wife," he explained. "She says they have to eat expensive lamb chops every day. Me she feeds hash!" A high-school freshman spurned "The Living Jefferson," declaring, "The one I'm studying has been dead for years." At least one person a day wants to know why display clocks always are set at 8:20. When told that this position of the hands allows the most space on the dial for advertising purposes, besides effecting the most pleasing pattern (dividing the dial two-thirds above and one-third below), the questioner usually registers disappointment, and says *he* always heard that 8:20 marked the exact moment Lincoln was assassinated. A common Library joke involves the youngster who popped up with a copy of Carl Loeb's "Isothermal Transformation of Austenite in Molybdenum Steels." "That book is very technical," smiled the librarian. "It was that way when I got it," answered the youngster heatedly.

The current fiscal year of the New York Public Library will show a deficit of close to $700,000. If the purchase of important new books and replacements were being maintained at the proper level, that deficit would be trebled. Will New Yorkers tolerate such a situation, or allow it to deteriorate even further? I don't think so! The public has not been briefed sufficiently. If you'd like to pitch into this fight consult either Ralph Beals or Anna Glantz, care of the 42nd Street building. If you do nothing, don't be surprised if the book you may need for your own purposes is not there when you apply. I myself saw one disappointed lady walk away empty-handed. She wanted a copy of Angela Thirkell's latest novel, "The Old Bank House." "It's not in yet," reported the attendant. "Shucks," said the lady with vast disgust. "I thought this was a Thirkellating Library."

—Bennett Cerf.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Life of the Party

What It Means to Be a Communist

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

AS a disciplined political organization the Communist Party in the United States would fill ex-Boss Hague with envy. Each candidate must be eighteen years old and duly certified by a member before he can be admitted to a local club. Cryptic communications bid the ten to fifty cell members to regular meetings for instructions and assignments. As a matter of course, members work as part of the Communist bloc in outside organizations and thereby help increase Party influence far beyond the actual number of cardholders. The local clubs are the bottom of the chain of command, which stretches through county and state, or section and district, committees, to the National Committee and the National Secretariat, both housed in the Centre, the smoky brick Party headquarters on 12th Street in New York City, and finally to Moscow.

Why do people join the Party in the United States? One can understand Communist strength in countries like China or South Africa, where cruel oppression affords little choice. But America has been through the longest period of liberal government in its history. The labor movement has never been so strong. Why should Americans submit themselves to the intolerable discipline of Party membership? Yet even America has its quota of lonely and frustrated people, craving social, intellectual, and even sexual fulfillment they cannot obtain in existing society. For these people, Party discipline is no obstacle; it is an attraction. The great majority of members in America, as in Europe, *want* to be disciplined.

It is hard work being a Communist in America, which is one reason the turnover is so great. But, once fully committed, the party member finds that his world has become totally the world of the Party. Communism fills empty lives. Surrender to the Party gives a sense of comradeship in a cause guaranteed by history to succor the helpless and to triumph over the wealthy and satisfied. Ben Gitlow, for many years a Communist leader and twice Communist candidate for Vice President, describes concisely the impact of the organization on the individual member: "The Party winds him up and keeps him going." One member explained why he had made the Party the beneficiary of his insurance policy: "The reason I did that was, in the first place, I am not married and have nobody to leave anything like that to, and in the second place the Communist Party is more in the world to me than anything else is." A pro-Communist novel, such as Isidor Schneider's "The Judas Time," shows more clearly than any hostile tract ever could the implacability of Communist social life.

The total assimilation of the individual into the Party creates for some a genuine selflessness and consecration. Like a platoon isolated behind enemy lines, the American Communists perform marvels of daring at their leaders' word, each acting as if he embodied the impersonal force of history. Their courage has impressed thousands of people with the invincible determination of their Party. But the price of such intimate relations with history is the intensive personal supervision only to be duplicated in a religious order or a police state.

AMERICAN COMMIES
?
TRUMAN
SEARCH FOR REDS
THE CHAMELEON IS A LUCKY LIZARD
AT CHANGING COLORS IT'S A WIZARD
IT GOES FROM RED TO SLIGHTLY PINK
AND DOES IT ALL WITHOUT A BLINK!
IN FACT IT TURNS ALL SORTS OF HUES
AND SOMETIMES EVEN HAS THE BLUES!
SCOTHLONG

—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Morning Tribune.

"Protective Coloring."

IN THE end they become so involved socially and psychologically that the threat of expulsion strikes them as ex-communication would a devout Catholic. It is enough to keep many in line long after they begin to develop intellectual doubts about the infallibility of Russia. When Granville Hicks left the Party, a young woman wrote him, "So it all comes to this: that your whole life previous to this time ... has gone up in a puff of smoke and lost its meaning. ... What a pity to find one's life suddenly without meaning. What is left for you now?" And many, once they make the break, have become so dependent emotionally on discipline that, like Louis Budenz and Elizabeth Bentley, they rush to another form of discipline in the Roman Catholic Church, moving from one bastion to another in their frenzied flight from doubt. *

In its own eyes the Communist Party in the United States of America

*As Miss Bentley puts it, "People who are genuine Communists, as I was, aren't the lukewarm type. They can't go into a vacuum if they give up Communism. They must have something to tie to." *Time*, Nov. 29, 1948. Mr. Budenz's memoirs are filled with similarly revealing remarks. When the Communists used to insist on all or nothing, it seemed to him insupportable intellectual tyranny; now he remarks with evident pleasure, "There is no compromise in the Church's stand. Catholic faith and the Catholic view must be accepted whole." One feels in him still a hankering after Party discipline: "A Catholic has an obligation to live and act in a special manner. . . . We had to be sure that our whims and wishes did not supersede our duties to the Catholic cause." "This Is My Story." By Louis Budenz. New York: Whittlesey House. 371 pp. $3.

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(CPUSA) has two main commitments: to support and advance the USSR, and to promote the establishment of Communism in the USA. The second, of course has much the lower priority, since the preservation of the workers' homeland in Russia is indispensable to the triumph of Communism anywhere else in the world. The consequent conflict between the requirements of Soviet foreign policy and the requirements of the American domestic scene has stunted the growth of the CPUSA. As the most impressive part of the Communist record in this country has been its courageous activity against local injustice and exploitation, so its least impressive has been its subservience to Soviet foreign policy. Yet the Party leadership has had no choice but to stifle its grass-roots initiative and squander its grass-roots assets in order to whip up American backing for Soviet adventures abroad.

The policy of the CPUSA, of course, is a carbon copy of Soviet policy. For a long time, indeed, the Party was billed as the American section of the Communist International. It has always received directives and in the past has received funds from Moscow. In the 1920's instructions flowed over the Moscow wire in such volume as to produce a wry joke among Party members: "Why is the Communist Party of the United States like the Brooklyn Bridge? Because it is suspended on cables." But Moscow's most effective control has probably been through Comintern representatives—the so-called "C.I. reps." In 1929, for example, when the Party convention elected Jay Lovestone leader by a large majority, Moscow cables to the C.I. reps in attendance caused a reversal of the decision in favor of Earl Browder and William Z. Foster. From the famous John Pepper of Pogany in the Twenties to Gerhart Eisler (Hans Berger) in the Forties, inconspicuous foreigners in the background have made basic decisions for the American Communist Party.

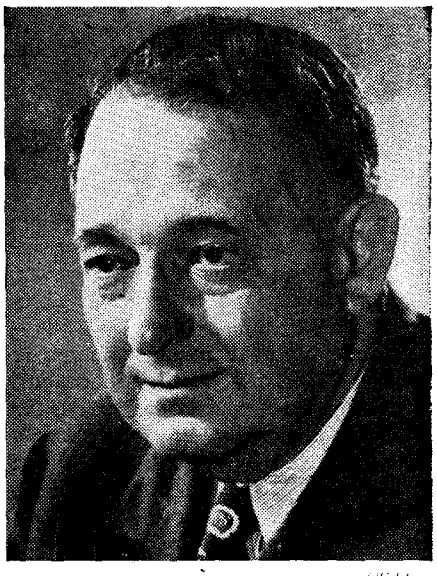
FROM the Moscow viewpoint, the American is clearly one of the expendable parties, so far as its political activity is concerned. Stalin and Molotov amuse themselves by making jokes about the CPUSA with non-Communist Americans; and the Comintern at no time has exerted itself to give the American Party aid or to spare it embarrassment. No one in Moscow, for example, apparently ever dreams of giving the CPUSA a preview of an impending change in the Party Line; and every zigzag has caught the American leaders unprepared and red-faced.

The problem whether CPUSA operations are determined today by specific directives from Moscow or by New York attempts, through earnest reading of *Pravda* and *New Times*, to guess what such a directive would say is not important. The relation of Moscow to the CPUSA may be compared to that of a football coach to his team. The team has its quarterback to run it on the field, its set of plays and its general instructions. The coach will occasionally send in a substitute with new instructions or a new quarterback or an entire new team, but he is not likely to be giving play-by-play orders. (At times, though, it looks as if the Soviet Union had adopted the unlimited-substitution rule.) Since the team has complete confidence in the coach, it resents cracks from bystanders about taking orders from outside; after all, the players say, aren't the interests of the coach and team identical? As *Political Affairs*, the American Party organ, recently put it, "The policies of the Soviet Union before, during, and since the anti-Axis war have corresponded to the best interests of the American people."

Jay Lovestone and Ben Gitlow were excommunicated for espousing various forms of the heresy of "American exceptionalism"—the heresy, that is, of arguing that special circumstances in the United States might justify occasional deviations from the Moscow line. Their disappearance signaled the Stalinization of the American Party; it meant the extermination of the last flicker of independence. Thereafter, when Russia was militant, the CPUSA was militant. No more extreme document survives from the period of bellicosity than William Z. Foster's "Toward Soviet America" (1932). When Russia became the great advocate of the united front, the CPUSA precipitately stopped kicking liberals in the teeth and started to embrace them. When Russia opposed Nazism, America had no stouter defenders of collective security than Earl Browder; when Molotov signed up with Ribbentrop, no one took more delight in writing off the war in Europe as a "family quarrel of rival imperialisms."

Because the CPUSA has no mass following to take into account, local political realities do not restrain its passion to please Moscow. As a consequence, it has apparently won itself a low-comedy reputation in Comintern circles for always overdoing things—always jumping ten feet when the Comintern expects two. Thus in 1939 all Communist parties supported the Russo-German pact and denounced the British; but only the American Party dropped its boycott of Nazi goods. Browder, in an article

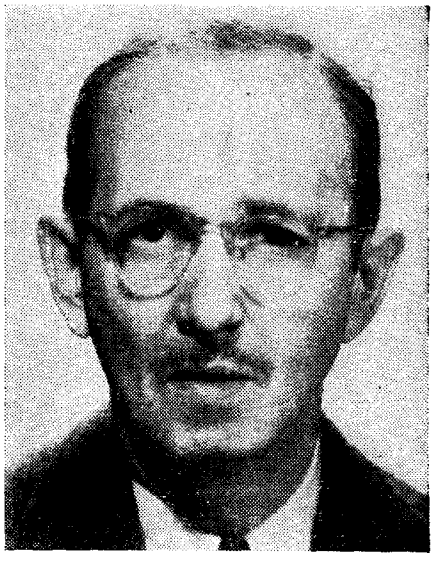
(*Continued on page 34*)



—Glidden.

Ben Gitlow—"occasional deviations."

Earl Browder—"chronic tailism."



Samuel Putnam—unorthodox opinions.

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The Living Spring

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

—SRL *Drawing by Frances O'Brien.*

St. John Perse: "I have never relished scientific cooking."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Although fully recognizing the fact that the leading poem, "Exile," in this volume by St. John Perse is dedicated to Archibald MacLeish and the book contains an article by Mr. MacLeish about the author, in this instance we have broken our rule of endeavoring never to have a book reviewed by a particular friend of the writer, because we not only felt Mr. MacLeish the best-qualified man in the country to comment on this poet, but also one whose remarks might let some fresh air into the contemporary evaluation of poetry in general.* —W. R. B.

I HAVE been wondering why I was asked to review this book. In these days of poetic anesthesia the practice seems to be to assign the poems of liberals to Catholic reviewers, the poems of Catholics to Communists, the poems of Communists to ex-Communists, and so on, in the apparent hope that doctrinal animosity may make a little fire where passion for the art itself is dead. My relation to Perse, obviously, is not of this character. His "Anabase" (which no one has read who has read only its English translation) seemed to me years ago the mountain poem of our generation, tall enough to stand over against many "Waste Lands" and hold the sun. I am no more capable of tasting and testing his work in the usual fashion than Moses was of rinsing in his mouth the water from the dry rock. To me the living spring is a marvel to be praised and never praised enough; and the news that the next number of the *Cahiers de la Pléiade* is to be devoted to an "Hommage à Saint-John Perse" under the patronage of Gide and Claudel is the most natural news in the world. As for this book, if "Exil" is not Perse's finest poem, it has not been surpassed by him or any other living poet, and "Pluies" and "Neiges" are preparations for the magnificent "Vents," which is not included here.

Perse's poems are difficult of course. But difficulty is only a fault in an artist when he intends it, or when he is not artist enough to overcome it. Perse's "difficulty," as Roger Caillois points out in an excellent note in this volume, is the result neither of ineptitude nor of wilfulness but of the opposite of both: an extreme precision and richness of language and a vocabulary capable of extraordinary reverberations of intellectual and emotional meaning. Those who regard words as the mathematical equivalents of dictionary definitions may consider Perse "rhetorical," but his "rhetoric" is as precise as the language of the makers of sails and the navigators of planes, and its sonority is not in the thorax but the mind: ". . . *un lieu flagrant et nul comme l'ossuaire des saisons*"—which the translator, Mr. Devlin, does not convey with his "a place glaring and null as the bone-heap of the seasons . . ." "*Et la mer à la ronde roule son bruit de crânes sur les grèves . . .*," which Mr. Devlin gives somewhat more happily as, "And the rounding sea rolls her noise of skulls on the shore."

Perse is too much of an artist to accept the promptings of the subconscious as perfected poetry, and too intelligent a man to write private letters to himself for public distribution. His "difficulty," in other words, is not the difficulty usually associated with the word modern. But the fact is that only in the real—not the snobbish—sense of that ambiguous term can Perse be classified as a modern poet. He belongs to no clique and has never been a partisan in the literary wars. ("On the subject of literary doctrine," he once wrote, "I have nothing at all to state. I have never relished scientific cooking.") He affects none of the fashionable literary maladies of the time: not even the chronic malady of the mirror: not even the despair which that malady produces in poets as in foreign secretaries and unoccupied women.

Perse's modernism is a function of time, not of esthetic theory. If he is one of the first of those who have brought new life to Western poetry—one of the half dozen great innovators and creators who have renewed the phoenix in a difficult time—he owes his distinction, not to the acceptance of esthetic formulas and fashions, but to the writing of poems which have pushed forward the sensibility of his generation as well as the frontiers of his art. Like the best work of Yeats and Rilke and Eliot and Pound, the best work of Perse is a Discovery of This Time. Unlike the others, however, Perse has pushed his discovery outward into the world of earth and men. The time in which he journeys is the time which passes over the generations of mankind, and the hero he seeks is the hero who inhabits, not the shadows of the mirror, but the eternal earth. Of Perse's contemporaries, only Sandburg, whose male and vigorous art has wholly different purposes, faces the same quarter of the sky, and only Pound, in his first few, long-deserted Cantos, has inhabited even briefly the same ground.

It is this difference in the orientation of the compass which underlies the peculiar quality of Perse's work. Perse alone among the major poets of this generation is capable of the act of praise—the ceremony of the love of earth and men—the celebration of the sea and of the herb and of the dry bone and the living bone. From the beginning of his work, through the years of his greatest personal happiness, and through the years of an unhappiness such as few contemporary writers have been obliged to endure, the love and praise of the beauty of the world have commanded his mind. "Eloges" was the title of his first book, and the refrain which ran through the poems of that

EXILE AND OTHER POEMS. By St. John Perse. Bollingen Series XV. New York: Pantheon Books. 166 pp. $5.

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collection was the phrase *"Oh, j'ai lieu de louer."* But praise and the occasion of praise were not merely the passion of his youth. They are still, to this day, the law of his art and the charter of his life. Even now, the structure of his life destroyed by the Nazis, his closest human relationships broken off by a long and painful exile, his property confiscated, his books and manuscripts lost or burned, he can say that he is "sworn, in defiance of our time, to take nothing from it but joy, free and freely given."

From another man, from a closeted intelligence ignorant of the true nature of this time which Perse defies, from a literary poet occupied with the imitation of academic models rather than the discovery of a great and tragic age, such words might well be suspect. From him they have an indelible accent of candor: an unbearable simplicity. For Perse knows this time of ours. He is, of course, the poetic alter ego of Alexis St. Léger Léger, for many years the permanent secretary of the French Foreign Office —a man who knew Europe through the Twenties and Thirties as few others did or could. Perse knows this time. And what he finds in it to praise, he finds not by sentiment or delusion but with a seeing eye, a poet's eye, an eye that dares to see and to believe.

The poems in this book date from the first five years of Perse's exile from Hitler's France. At the time they were written the poet was living in Washington, where he had accepted a modest place in the Library of Congress. The "position" of the poet in all these poems therefore is the New World—Washington or the Francis Biddles' litttle house on the long, empty New Jersey beaches. But though they are poems deriving from the painful experience of exile they are not—"Exil" itself included—autobiographical poems of exile in the usual sense. The exile of which Perse writes is, in poignant part, his own physical exile from the France he loves, and in part the spiritual exile from his time ("the threshold of Lloyd's where your word has no currency"), of the poet ("precarious guest"), and of all those others on all the shores of the world who must *"porte à l'oreille du Ponant une conque sans mémoire."*

But the poem "Exil"—and this I think is its supreme achievement—is something even more. It is a poem *about* the poet and about his relation to that companion of his exile, his art, which goes closer to the nerve of truth than any but the very greatest poetry can go. Perse was not only exiled from political France: he was also confronted again in his exile, after many years of silence, with the necessities of the art he had put aside.

"Que voulez-vous encore de moi, ô souffle originel? Et vous, que pensez-vous encore tirer de ma lèvre vivante. . . ."

When Perse at the beginning of his exile came to the Library he told me there was no thought, no possibility, of poetry again. But there was poetry. And he faced its demand upon him, if I do not misread this poem, on the New Jersey beach, facing east across the Atlantic, in those winter months.

There was poetry indeed. Read in "Exil" the catalogue of the Princes of Exile—of the most intense moments of man's experience as man—of those occupations and actions of man which are most himself and show him most himself—and you will find three things. You will find the portrait of a poet. You will find the portrait of *the* poet. And you will find poetry itself.

No one more than Perse detests the literary ritual. No one more than he despises the comparison of incomparable beings. Nevertheless it is impossible to put down this book without asking oneself where among living men—in what nation or what tongue—a poet equal to this poet may be found.

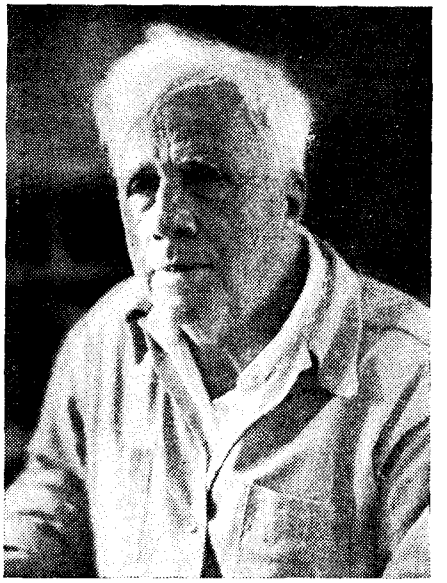
Designs of Self-Discovery

COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST 1949. *New York: Henry Holt & Co.* 642 *pp.* $6.

By John Holmes

IT was 1913, in England, that Robert Frost's "A Boy's Will" was published, a small book, fifty pages, by an unknown poet forty years old. Now we have a volume of eight books in one, with two masques, three new poems, and a preface. The fame he hoped for so long ago he has long had. Robert Frost is our established first living poet, well read, much taught. This new book has the look and the lift of durability: 640 pages of devotion, a life. Its publication is literary history, its contents literature.

It would seem complete, but, knowing Robert Frost, one suspects his kind of reservation in the date, 1949; complete for now, but the climax will be capped. It is in the nature of his master design that it will be. In "The Figure a Poem Makes," a compact prose preface to this book, he speaks of a poem's sources, mystery, and wildness; subject and pattern imposed. He says, "Step by step the wonder of unexpected supply keeps growing." Robert Frost's source of supply is so deep, and has been shaped from the ore so skilfully, that his poems will be unspent for a long time.



—*Clara E. Sipprell.*

Robert Frost—"a timeless international Yankee language."

Frost has always composed his books with care. The sequence, the divisions, the variety, become an additional poem, one more piece of design than listed. When he sat on a floor in an English farmhouse some thirty years ago and spread out the poetry he had written, he "composed" "A Boy's Will" by giving the poems subtitles in the table of contents. "North of Boston" was composed by selection of long meditative pieces only. Certainly he had written in other lengths and shapes, but he saved these for other books. He has been known to save a poem ten or twenty years for the right book. This is composition on a still large scale, not of one poem, not of one book, not even of this "complete" works, but of his working-ever-present, and his long future fame.

His design can be seen more obviously in the later books: six sections in "A Further Range," to account for his growing wish to write epigrams, satires, prophecies; but always the lyrics. "A Witness Tree" has five parts. The increasing variety of his subject matter calls for categories of the personal, the shared-with, the outside-himself, the regional, and so on. In "Steeple-Bush" he frankly calls one whole section editorials, and so maps a growing area of his poetry. He likes to advise his country how to grow, and does.

A hardy wisdom, a skill like that

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with tools, and a wise individualism go to make Robert Frost's poetry, spoken in a timeless international Yankee language, the best idiom heightened and tightened. He is conservative in the same way an independent thinker has always been conservative: with that wildness, that reckless mystery, he speaks of in the new preface.

The making of Robert Frost's books has been a happy publishing achievement, and a handsome one. As books in the hand, all have been a delight, and, as the collector knows, there are ten times as many variants as the ten volumes. All have appeared in trade and limited editions. The limited edition of this new "Complete Poems" is a beautiful piece of book design. Other titles have appeared in British reprints, low-price reprints, and so on. Of these, the "Pocket Book of Robert Frost's Poems," which is an enlarged version of Louis Untermeyer's "Come In," is surely the best buy in poetry today at the price. A number of Frost's books, and Christmas leaflets, have been illustrated by J. J. Lankes, most appropriately. His publisher's designer has always done fine things for each new book, each variant edition, each leaflet.

Design is what we can learn from Robert Frost, who has such shrewd and sensitive knowledge of it. He taught himself. Few helped him, in the early years, and many have praised him in the later years. He always had his own way, and still has; that is his triumph. He is a major part of American literary history. He is more read, studied, loved than any living poet. He composes well, as he himself might say, and as this new volume testifies.

There remains the wildness. "A poem may be worked over once it is in being, but may not be worried into being. Its most precious quality will remain its having run itself and carried away the poet with it." Robert Frost has never worried a poem into being. He has always waited for his own kind of wildness to complete a poem, to bring the singing line, like "The woods are lovely dark and deep" or "Snow falling and night falling, fast, oh, fast" or "Winds blow the open grassy places bleak." Such lines were never planned when the poem started. He says in the new preface, "It must be a revelation, or a series of revelations, as much for the poet as for the reader." "No surprise for the writer, no surprise for the reader." This latest gathering of Robert Frost's poetry is from a lifetime of self-discovery; for readers there will be revelations for a long time to come.

Alphabet Colored Confusion & Bent Hair

THE GRASSHOPPER'S MAN AND OTHER POEMS. By Rosalie Moore. New Haven: Yale University Press. 66 pp. $2.50.

By Martha Bacon

THIS book was worth publishing if only to give us the benefit of W. H. Auden's witty and instructive foreword. Everything he says is true and important and he disarms reproof at the end by remarking, "In conclusion, may I suggest to the reader, whatever his preferences in poetry, not that he should be tolerant of opposing views in the sense of ceasing to hold any, but that as a lover of poetry, he should be glad that oppositions exist, for poetry flourishes when the opponents are determined and evenly matched but if any party gains too complete a victory and succeeds in suppressing its rivals poetry invariably declines."

I must confess that to me, with a few exceptions, the poems in this volume were a disappointment. Miss Moore is particularly unintelligible a great deal of the time and her reasons for being so do not seem to be of much importance. She gives us an impression—an image—but the image does not convey the impression that she wishes to impart and she leaves the reader floundering in a welter of unprecise utterances and phrases that would seem to describe were it not that they describe nothing, or at least nothing that Miss Moore cares to have us see.

It was
The alphabet colored confusion we
turned to.
The melodious winding of goats:
And the piece of the story teller with
bent hair.

Assuming even that this is pure surrealism, we are still in need of more universal definitions. Miss Moore belongs to the Activist movement and it is possible that her own group knows what she means, but the common reader too often finds himself asking, "Why 'alphabet colored confusion'?" and "What is 'bent hair'?" and elsewhere what about "the clear cannibals of dream"? The personal symbol tends to become a mere matter of irritation to the reader when no key to its interpretation is given and therefore rather hinders than helps communication between artist and audience. It must be used with exquisite taste and should possess a high rate of sound and image value to be truthful and effective. Miss Moore has yet to develop that ascendancy over her medium that will permit her to shake the language like a dead rat and leave it more lustrous and potent than ever.

Occasionally she has moments of clarity and illumination and produces some handsome lines.

The heron moonlight feathers the
full air.

Remember as in mirror turning
Autumn,
The marsh eyes and the moss body
of love.

A good line makes worth while a volume full of debatable ones. And so we must presume Mr. Auden to be justified in his choice and we must agree with him that many voices serve the best ends of poetry as a whole. For, after all, we are not dealing with laboratory slides but with the inaccurate and imponderable you and me and the wild ways of a living language, and it is by such odd and devious paths that some of our generation will achieve the poetic statement of our time.

Of Seasons and Sons

ONE-HORSE FARM. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 106 pp. $2.50.

By Martha Keller

MR. COFFIN is the chief lyricist of Maine—and of boys, beans, barns, and boats. He is a prolific poet and a poet who plays but one tune, that of the seasons and of sons. Yet as a pastoral poet he has, I think, few equals today; and if his theme has about it a certain monotony, his approach is usually fresh, and his work has a singular charm. This is hand-made not machine-made work—never complex, not always sustained, but like home-made bread it is honest, crusty, and good. Its special quality derives, I think, from the fact that Mr. Coffin almost never forgets the particular. It is the reality and homeliness of his detail that gives his work difference and authority.

It is true that one so tires of boys' thighs, legs, pants, and backsides that one almost tires of boys. Mr. Coffin is in love with fatherhood and his paternal instinct is almost an obsession. For the boys are faceless, general, anonymous. They are for the most part either representative of mortal immortality and so only an extension of the personality of the father or—like barns and bees and

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Ideas and Studies.

This is, the British philosopher C. E. M. Joad laments in his book "Decadence" (see page 12), an age of degeneracy, completely without standards. The charge has been made often before, particularly by those who decry the vogue materialism has had for nearly a century. Yet there are now signs that materialism may have about spent its force. Three of this week's new books, for example, suggest that many people are seeking spiritual discipline and a set of moral values. Vincent Sheean, disturbed by the chaos he witnessed as a journalist, reports in "Lead, Kindly Light" that he has found the values he seeks in Gandhi's India. Fifteen writers and teachers who have found Roman Catholicism the answer to their spiritual needs tell their experiences in "The Road to Damascus." Dorothy L. Sayers explains in "Creed or Chaos?" why Christianity is "a religion for adult minds."

A Chela Finds His Guru

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. By Vincent Sheean. New York: Random House. 374 pp. $3.75.

By Joseph George Hitrec

IT MIGHT be said that, as with the parent in Thurber's well-known cartoon, there comes a moment in a foreign correspondent's life when disenchantment is uppermost. Once in a blue moon, however, this occasions a searching inward look in which the meaning of things observed and assimiliated impinges in a very real sense on the author, and so becomes a personal testament of a compelling order. Vincent Sheean's "Lead, Kindly Light" comes, I think, under this heading. Readers of "Personal History" and of "Not Peace But a Sword" may have expected it, though I doubt if they had been prepared for its intensity and conclusions. In this book the disenchanted liberal in Mr. Sheean is on the rebound: shopping for a fresh synthesis, finding hope of one in the life and ideas of Mahatma Gandhi.

Mr. Sheean went to India in the winter of 1947-48 to discern, specifically in Mahatma Gandhi, "some clue of a different reality, something in which the relentless opposition of material forces need not endlessly lead to ruin." While the quest, he freely admits, had been pending for some time, it could have hardly taken place more inopportunely. Partition had just occurred in India and mass genocide was still rampant. But he did see Gandhi twice and witnessed his assassination and funeral. His book is an attempt to memorialize that short and momentous visit.

It is a passionately eloquent attempt, for although it does not strike out on new ground it restates Gandhianism in a dramatically personal and contagious manner. The cornerstones are indeed by this time familiar to every informed newspaper reader: non-violence, cult of truth, service to community and mankind, humility and love. Mr. Sheean shows the emergence of these principles as a logical and continuous growth, bounded by Gandhi's introvert temperament and by the historical forces of the century. Non-violence, for example, was an ancient and largely ossified Jain tenet until Gandhi refashioned it to include love and forgiveness and made it perform on the level of modern society; detachment, another traditional Hindu ideal, received a fresh dimension at his hands. It is, in fact, in this eclectic pragmatism of Gandhi that Mr. Sheean sees new hope for the West, for even though Gandhi's sphere of reference was India the morality of his actions was Christian no less than Hindu. Gandhi's religiousness, his belief that detachment was the royal road to truth, entailing the minimal restraints of frugality, celibacy, self-reliance, and also the discipline of prayer and meditation—these were Hindu at source. But a pursuit of detachment brings with it the loss of pity and love, and here the imitation of old preceptors stopped and a new element crept in, a loan from outside—the Sermon on the Mount, which Gandhi had read as a young man and could not forget. Here Mahavir's passive tenet of non-killing received a grafting; a new and dynamic *ahimsa* was born, so original that to this day it remains highly controversial. *Satyagraha* (insistence on truth) followed next, and logically; its practical success in South Africa and India was inseparable from its non-violent aspect.

"Only connect . . ." In retrospect, we might call this the whole professional "secret" of the man. In a country where distances are great and the

THE AUTHOR: Vincent Sheean has been flailing the "tribal ideas bound up in the word Fascism" ever since he began spinning over the globe as foreign correspondent for the *Paris Herald* in the Thirties. By 1947, he says, "I had come to the end of my tether in the West." He had been in India in 1944 as Army Air Forces officer and subsequently through his friendship with Nehru arranged to join Gandhi in retreat—"until I had found all the answers." Sheean was at the garden prayer meeting where the Mahatma was assassinated January 30, 1948, two days before they were to go off together. Born in Pana, Ill., and reared a Roman Catholic, he has since age fifteen (circa 1915) been an agnostic. Even now no convert to Hinduism or any other sect, he says, "I'll write what I can [on *Satyagraha*] and say what I can. I have no formula." "Jimmy" Sheean has always been too vital for asceticism, and his belief in Gandhi's dogma has not led him to adopt the Indian martyr's self-denial except, respectfully, in the latter's presence. "But at least I now know there is such a thing as religion." Last winter he returned to India, where he wrote magazine articles and began another novel—about a false yogi—to add to the fiction works (among them, "Sanfelice" and "A Certain Rich Man") that have spelled his now five-volume autobiography: "Personal History," "Not Peace But a Sword," "Between the Thunder and the Sun," "This House Against This House," and "Lead, Kindly Light." "One thing I do feel more sure of than two years ago," he says. "There won't be a world war. The main danger of war, which nobody realized, was that India fighting Pakistan would have brought in all the Great Powers. I think Gandhi prevented war by his death. . . . But other things can be almost as bad as war—the struggle between the East and West can be pretty awful." —R. G.

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written word unintelligible to the vast majority, ideas and their interchange center in personal contact. This has always been and still is an Indian reality. (The British institution of viceroy had both catered to it and fostered it; the conscientious touring of Pandit Nehru since Gandhi's death proves that even the streamlined type of national leadership must reckon with it.) The spectacular crowds Gandhi drew quite spontaneously at every step came because they sought blessing (*darshan*) in a glimpse of their leader; because in doing so they paid homage to the tradition and spirit of which he was at once an epitome and perpetuation. Mr. Sheean has sensed this very acutely in his analysis of *darshan*. He is of course perfectly right in saying that no estimate of Gandhianism is complete without an understanding of *darshan*.

Quite another matter were Gandhi's sallies into economics, and Mr. Sheean shows that they were incidental to the struggle for unity and home rule. The hand-spinning movement, once believed to be deliberate economic archaism, was one of those realistic Gandhian expedients with an eminently local context, never intended for export. Like his agitation for cleanliness and sanitation, it was an exercise in self-reliance preparatory to self-government. But having the gripping quality of a symbol, it caused a good deal of abstract fervor, which in turn brought it to grief with the experts. And that can be said of a number of Gandhi's politico-social measures. They arose as pure intuitions, pushed up in the pressure of Indian situation, workable and useful within their limits, but they took on another color when rationalized and generalized. Gandhi himself was not always free from this penchant, but then in his case argument was avowedly a vehicle for truth-quest and to that extent excusable. "I am not fighting machinery as such," he wrote, "but the madness of thinking that it saves labor. Men 'save labor' until thousands of them are without work and die of hunger in the streets. At present the machine is helping a small minority to live on the exploitation of the masses . . . This state of things I am attacking with all my might." There is confusion here, but it is not moral. His remedies are not long-range, but immediate and efficacious. Like so much else in the story of Hinduism they wear the look of "withdrawal," but in reality they are stopgaps of a highly pragmatic kind—Gandhi's variation of "the fastest with the mostest."

Ultimately, however, the clues which Mr. Sheean set out to gather were found to rest not so much in

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Dropping of the Object Everywhere

DECADENCE. By C. E. M. Joad. New York: Philosophical Library. 430 pp. $4.75.

By Brand Blanshard

WE LIVE, Mr. Joad believes, in an age of decadence. But the word "decadence," as he uses it, carries a new and singular sense. It means "the dropping of the object."

Suppose an artist sets out to paint landscapes as faithfully as may be. After a while, carried away by the delight of his craft, he begins to cover the canvas with daubs on no principle whatever except that they should be self-expressive. That is "dropping the object." Or suppose a man sets out to achieve an exacting moral ideal, but is deluded into believing that there is nothing in moral judgment but personal feeling, and therefore that nothing is really better than anything else: he has "dropped the object" of moral judgment and endeavor. In doing so, he has also dropped the pilot of the ship, and from that point on he drifts about on the waves of his own impulses. The artist who paints in this way and the man who lives in this way are, by Mr. Joad's definition, decadents.

With this idea as a touchstone, Mr. Joad goes the rounds of our present-day civilization to see how sound it is. He comes back with a dismal report. Decadence is everywhere. Consider the state of philosophy. Philosophers once offered us a philosophy of life; they sought the *summum bonum* and brought what seemed to be authoritative news of it; they spoke in the name of a logic that claimed universal and self-evident truth; in their reflections they undertook to grapple with the ultimate nature of things. Mr. Joad now finds them with nothing to say. Instead of providing the much-needed philosophy of life, they patter dejectedly along after the anthropologists, and hold that right and wrong, good and evil, are merely matters of local mores. In logic they are capitulating to positivism with its dogma that logic is a set of verbal conventions. They are beginning to doubt whether the great discipline which used to be their main business, metaphysics, is possible at all. Philosophy in all its branches, Mr. Joad thinks, is sick with the modern malady of dropping the object.

Having paid his respects to philosophy, Mr. Joad turns to the arts, and has a field day with them. He believes that literature no less than philosophy should be under the control of its "object," which means that

C. E. M. Joad—"much contemporary music a worshipping at the shrine of noise."

it should have standards of significance in what it treats of and standards of form in treating it. If one approaches the literature of the day with a demand of this sort in mind, one can make a withering case against it, and Mr. Joad is a practised prosecutor. He dips into the pages of some of the advanced journals (*Horizon* is his favorite) and brings up some remarkable exhibits. He has no difficulty in finding poems to which he thinks any intelligent man must give the grade of zero in respect to both sense and form, and short stories that are without beginning, end, or discernible meaning. The slice-of-life theory of fiction is to him not wholly convincing even as applied by Chekhov, Katherine Mansfield, and Virginia Woolf, and the formlessness into which it has issued in later plays and novels seems to him sheer artistic degeneracy. Painting and sculpture come out better; he does not profess to be at home in these regions. But he knows his Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, and with these as exemplars of musical form, he finds much contemporary music a worshipping at the shrine of noise.

The true cure for all this is to restore the object. What this means in effect is to restore the convictions of former days that the way to produce significant art, or to live a significant life, is to get into it as much as possible of the great values of truth, goodness, and beauty, that these values are not by-products of man's interest or caprice, but part of the eternal nature of things, and that they are to be achieved only by docile apprenticeship. In his discussion of religion, he holds that for full disci-

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pline of spirit something further still is necessary, something that will come as a surprise to those who know only the prewar Joad. The Joad of those days was an optimist who thought the outlook bright for the gradual conquest of vulgarity and unreasonableness, and who jeered lightheartedly at the superstitions of the churchmen. The latter-day Joad is a pessimist who despairs of man's saving himself, and who would be in still deeper despair if he had not undergone a religious conversion. It is strange to hear the scoffer of 1930 saying in his current book: "Man's further advance depends, in fact, upon the inpouring of grace which is vouchsafed to him by the divine author of his being."

Though the book is a jeremiad, it is that odd sort of lamentation which it is a pleasure to read. Joad's irrepressible gusto and his gift for clear and easy writing make him unfailingly interesting. To say that they make him also convincing would not be quite true. That the noisy whetting of instruments now going on in philosophy and the arts is a tiresome business is perfectly true, and Joad is surely right that if these once great enterprises of the spirit are to resolve themselves into this, the future is dreary. That needs to be said, and Joad says it effectively. But there is no need to suppose that this marks the end of the road. In philosophy, at least, there are many who think that the sedulous sharpening of tools is just what is required for the new and better construction that is soon to come. One may follow Joad in his diagnosis while hoping, and firmly believing, that in his prognosis he is wide of the mark.

Ultimate Politico-Social Principles

PATTERNS OF ANTI-DEMOCRATIC THOUGHT. By David Spitz. New York: The Macmillan Co. 304 pp. $4.50.

By Milton R. Konvitz

THE reflection comes to one as a shock that during the past ten years, when we have been living through a hot and a cold war in which ideologies and political maxims have played an important role, our political scientists and philosophers have produced no works concerned with close analysis of concepts and doctrines. The only exceptions are A. D. Lindsay's "The Modern Democratic State" and R. M. MacIver's "The Web of Government." Apart from these books, we have had a host of political tracts for the times, some of them useful in a war of political epithets—tracts which strengthen the will but leave the mind untouched.

The book by Dr. Spitz, of Ohio State University, is another exception. It takes a place alongside the books by Lindsay and MacIver as a notable achievement in a field of investigation that is of supreme importance to ourselves and future generations. Here the reader will not find the author resorting to political small-change, to evasions and clichés. The book is concerned with ultimate principles of political and social life; the analysis is painstaking, honest, and logical. The book makes its appeal directly to the mind and only indirectly to the heart or will. It will outlive the tracts for the times that make the big noise of empty barrels.

Dr. Spitz considers, step by step, the arguments against democracy offered by different schools of thought: the managerial revolutionists (James Burnham), the power conspirators (Lawrence Dennis), the haters of the average man (Ralph Cram), the Nordic aristocrats (Madison Grant), the biological aristocrats (E. M. Sait), the natural aristocrats (Santayana), and the authoritarians (Irving Babbitt). The arguments are answered, not through the oratory of the forum, but through the logical, informed analysis of the scholar's study or the professor's graduate seminar.

The author does not leave us in the dark as to his own postulates. He defines the democratic state as one which allows the free play of conflicting opinions and which insists on the constitutional responsibility of the rulers to the ruled. From these characters of the democratic state it follows, Dr. Spitz maintains, that democracy is not to be identified simply with majority control; for minorities are left free "to oppose, to organize, and eventually—when sufficient support is commanded—to become in turn the dominant majority." Majorities are resorted to in order to determine who shall govern and, broadly, to what ends; but the majorities are always fluctuating and temporary; they are not fixed for all time; and "always minorities must be free to pursue their contrary ways and to strive unhampered for the control of political power." The power of the state is limited; men have interests and activities that transcend the political sphere; men are social as well as political beings; state and community are not co-terminous. The area of opinion and the area of culture are extra-political realities and are excluded from state control.

These postulates of democracy and their corollaries serve as a basis from which the author views, with the objectivity of a scientist in his laboratory, the anti-democratic attacks as found in American political writing. Today the attack on democracy comes chiefly from the USSR, which itself falsely claims to be a democracy and which hardly would welcome the writings of the avowed anti-democratic American authors considered by Dr. Spitz. This circumstance complicates the work of the American political philosopher today; but his task of analysis is as imperative as it is challenging. In the execution of his task he should find considerable aid and comfort in "Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought."

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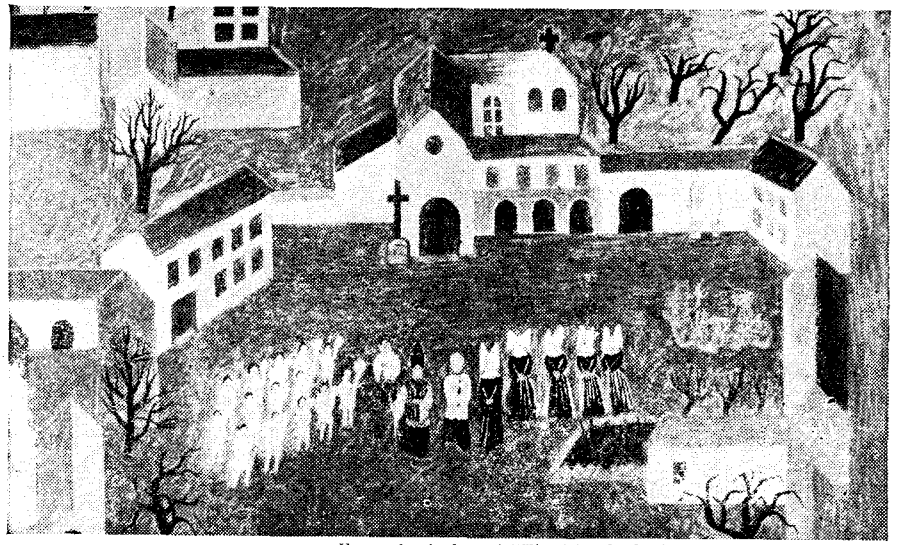

—*From the jacket of "The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith."*

Why They Became Roman Catholics

THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS. By John A. O'Brien. New York: Doubleday & Co. 248 pp. $2.50.

By William S. Lynch

WHAT prompts people to accept a certain set of religious beliefs always excites curiosity. Spiritual needs seem as much a characteristic of the human being as do rational and esthetic ones. Whether he calls it mythos or faith, man, that thinking reed, usually wants something to lean upon. His choice of creed may range from theosophy to militant atheism, from set tenet to limitless free thinking, but somewhere along the line even modern man becomes a questing spirit. If he is thoughtful or sensitive, he is likely to try to stretch to beyond what he can reach. Then he must either deny or accept the thing called faith.

Out of all this has come the literature of conversion, a genre ranging from the drumbeating of the reformed drunkard to the Confessions of St. Augustine. None of it is completely satisfactory, for conversion, when it is something more than a matter of convenience, must be a highly esoteric experience which the convert cannot possibly put into words.

Those whose profession is with words can be expected to come nearest to conveying their spiritual metamorphosis and it is this which gives this book its special attraction. Fifteen men and women, writers, teachers, and orators, tell why they have become Roman Catholics. Evelyn Waugh, Fulton Oursler, Greta Palmer, Frances Parkinson Keyes, Ross J. S. Hoffman, Theodore Maynard, M. Raphael Simon, Rosalind Murray, Owen Francis Dudley, Robert F. Wagner, Douglas Hyde, Willis D. Nutting, George B. Harrison, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Clare Boothe Luce—these comprise a list of well-known figures whose road to Damascus led to the well-trod path to Rome. Different as they are as individuals, they have a common verbal ease and an identical faith.

Why they became Catholics is the subject of their individual essays. Here they are varied, for all of them started from different premises and dissimilar circumstance. Evelyn Waugh, as natural a traditionalist as can be found in modern letters, reached his spiritual haven in the Church which for centuries has been the ballast of Western civilization; Douglas Hyde, Communist editor, disillusioned by the course of Russian Marxism turned to what he felt was the cultural force best able to resist the engulfment of Europe by totalitarian barbarism. For Theodore Maynard the road to Rome was easy and natural, for Greta Palmer, who has just collaborated with Father George on "God's Underground," the escape from an atheist's cell, as she puts it, was slow and difficult. Father Raphael Simon, now a Trappist monk, had been a successful Jewish psychiatrist, Father Owen Francis Dudley, of "The Masterful Monk" fame, an Anglican minister.

It is this appeal to a variety of character and approach which is one of the most impressive aspects of Catholicism as it reflects itself in these accounts. Gilbert Murray's daughter Rosalind, the wife of Arnold Toynbee, came to her Church from a family background of scholarship and distinction; Senator Wagner found his way through the example of a pious wife and the expressions of solicitude for the laboring classes in the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

But whatever the terrain over which these pilgrims moved they all reflect a decidedly enviable certainty of the validity of their position, an acceptance of the grace they know has been bestowed upon them, and a sureness of faith which becomes them all. In them all, too, can be detected a joy which is more than pleasure, a kindness and goodness with which they look at other people as if to wish everyone else the good luck which has been theirs.

Father John O'Brien, who edited the book, concludes it with an exposition of his Church's appeal and its place in today's society.

This symposium may not have the classic stature of an autobiography by Eric Gill, another famous Catholic convert, or the paradoxical charm of the even better known Gilbert Chesterton; but it is a highly readable collection of spiritual travelogues by noteworthy and newsworthy individuals. In it some will find example and all will find interest.

Hammurabi to Holmes

MEN AND MEASURES IN THE LAW. By Arthur T. Vanderbilt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 156 pp. $3.

By William M. Kunstler

THIS slim volume comprises five lectures delivered by Arthur T. Vanderbilt, chief justice of the newly constituted Supreme Court of New Jersey and former dean of the New York University Law School, under the auspices of the William W. Cook Foundation at the University of Michigan. It is an important book because, for almost the first time since Roscoe Pound's celebrated address before the American Bar Association in 1906, an American lawyer, experienced as a practitioner, a teacher, a jurist, and a legal reformer, has made an articulate and critical survey of the law and its attributes.

Justice Vanderbilt's lectures span the field of jurisprudence, from Hammurabi to Holmes, from the origins of Anglo-American law to contemporary practices and procedures, from common law to legislation. Yet, taking them as a whole, it is clear that Justice Vanderbilt, speaking from the rostrum at Ann Arbor, was addressing himself primarily to the law schools.

It is to the schools that he looks, as the profession's first contact with the embryonic attorney, for the in-

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culcation in the student of a sense of obligation for both the problems of the law and community leadership. The lawyer, otherwise so ably equipped for professional and lay leadership, leaves school without any clearly defined sense of responsibility for the improvement of the administration of justice and the affairs of his community. To Vanderbilt, the law schools have no more difficult or urgent task than instilling into their undergraduates this vital sense of obligation which they so sorely lack.

Until they do, they will continue to produce lawyers who shrink from public officeholding, avoid criminal cases, leave to laymen the job of bringing about desirable administrative changes, and who are willing to quit the fields of legislation and public law in favor of the politicians and political scientists. Content to be exclusively an expert in substantive law, the practitioner suffers from professional inertia when he is confronted by anything which does not fit into any of its traditional niches. It is this disinterest which Vanderbilt claims has perpetuated the law's failure to keep pace with the times.

He sees one cause of the law schools' failure in their loss of control of their curricula. The exigencies of the business world have resulted in an overemphasis on subjects germane to commerce to the detriment both of procedure and public and comparative law. Yet, with an already overcrowded schedule, it is difficult to see how law schools can afford to sublimate the bread-and-butter courses. Coincidental with his criticism of the law-school curriculum, Vanderbilt decries the lack in the pre-legal education of adequate instruction in the social sciences, a defect for which the law schools with their refusal in 1944 to extend the entrance requirements from two to three years of college work, must accept much of the responsibility.

Despite Justice Vanderbilt's criticism, all of which is not undeserved, the legal profession, collectively and individually, has, for the most part, borne more than its share of community responsibility. The law schools have endeavored, within their limits, to acquaint their students with the necessity of close cooperation between the bar, the judiciary, the social and political scientist, and the government official. If they will, as Vanderbilt suggests, carry this one important step further by coordinating the related activities of these groups and providing a convenient forum for the exchange of salutary ideas, many of the criticisms he makes will lose their validity to the great benefit of the profession and the nation.

"A Religion for Adult Minds"

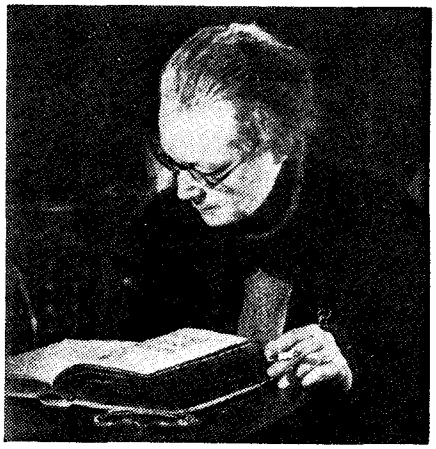
CREED OR CHAOS? By Dorothy L. Sayers. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 85 pp. $2.25.

By Riley Hughes

THE Oldest Inhabitant, Chesterton tells us, chuckles these days "to hear a young man say the world is moving away from the supernatural." G. K. was certain, though the clues were not many, of the world's true direction. Judging by the embattled stand of much of "Creed or Chaos?," Dorothy Sayers, believing in soul and very sure of God, is aware more of stagnation than of movement. "We're being had for mugs," she approvingly quotes a workman who reacted bluntly to our sensation-ridden, advertisement-driven times. The remedy she offers, with much wit and plain-speaking, is a return to the dogmatic principle.

What Dorothy Sayers is about in this slim collection of pamphlets and addresses is a defense of Christianity as "a religion for adult minds." The adult mind, she feels, is what Christianity's attackers, and all too frequently its defenders, lack. "We have shown the world the typical Christian in the likeness of a crashing and rather ill-natured bore." Subsumed under this popular conception of the Christian are the "Seven Deadly Virtues," among them "respectability," "mental timidity," and "depression of spirits." A kind of pageant of sentiments and pale emotions has been substituted, she would have it, for the drama that is the Christian way; and "the dogma is the drama." Confronted with this pallidness, not infidelity but incredulity seems to be the position of the young idea. Yet, if it makes the worst of it, Christianity has, she is confident, its best opportunity in 200 years.

Miss Sayers has no comforting illusions. She speaks out against tawdry Church art, against Christian tolerance of mammon and ungraciousness toward publicans, but most of all against nominal Christians, "both lay and clerical." In her view every problem and every struggle is at base a question of theology. She sees the chief problem of theology (or rather *about* theology) today as the doctrine of Christ, the God-Man. "Of late years," she writes, "the Church has not succeeded in preaching Christ: she has preached Jesus, which is not quite the same thing." Her belief in Christ is both literally and profoundly that of the Nicene Creed. An Anglican, she is of the opinion that Canterbury, Rome, and Geneva are at one



Dorothy L. Sayers—"very sure of God."

on "all doctrine that is really ecumenical." Characteristically, she writes that heresy is "largely the opinion of the untutored average man, trying to grapple with the problems of the universe at the point where they begin to interfere with his daily life and thought." So Swift argued when, discussing the airy views of divines on the Trinity, he said that the mean sensual man retorts, "I can whore on, and so defy the parson."

Of our age of economists and sophisters Miss Sayers has several challenging things to say. We inhabit an "appalling squirrel-cage of economic confusion," for ours is an economy of waste, of the "pirate sin" of unchecked enterprise (for which she would read Covetousness), and of an inhuman, unsacramental attitude toward work. Her concept of the uses of work and leisure strikingly parallels that of Eric Gill; like Gill she calls for the well-doing of things that need doing. And her view of today's world whose "only deliverance from Covetousness is the Wrath of war, and the only safeguard against war, a peace based on Covetousness" points up George Orwell's vision of the Year of Grace 1984.

In an address before a bishop and a lay gathering in the early weeks of the war Miss Sayers had some trenchant things to say about the "other six Deadly Sins," wherein she distinguished from Lust and the warm-hearted sins so relentlessly pursued, those cold sins "which Caesar sanctions and of which the world approves." These she calls by their contemporary names and circumstances. Many a face will find itself reflected in the mirror she holds up to unnatural nature. The papers which go to make up "Creed or Chaos?" have a unity imposed by mind and character as well as the integrity of subtlety and vigor.

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Fiction. *"The Best American Short Stories" had become a literary institution before Martha Foley took over the editorship from Edward J. O'Brien. Its early years were witnesses to the renaissance of American writing in the Twenties. Miss Foley's task is thus in part prophetic, but among the new writers who appear too many have followed their psychoses or are writing mementoes of unhappy childhood. There are a few glimpses of a deeper vein in this year's collection, though most of these stories are episodic and incomplete. An English novel, "Journey Into Spring," by Winston Clewes, satisfactorily completes the circle. A morally disabled veteran finds in new responsibilities adjustment to a normal life. The most important novel reviewed this week is Vasco Pratolini's "A Tale of Poor Lovers." Here the violence of poverty in a Florentine slum street combines with the political murders of early Fascism.*

Annual Pick

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES: 1949. *Edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 334 *pp.* $3.50.

By Hollis Alpert

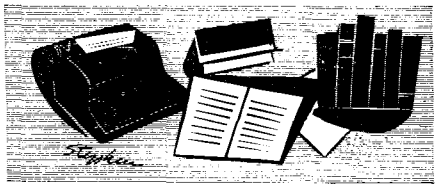
FOR perhaps the first year since Martha Foley undertook the editorship of "The Best Short Stories" the tone of the new volume reflects that achieved by the originator of the annual series, the late Edward J. O'Brien. He was an unceasing searcher through the magazines for the most vital younger writing talent and he packed his compilations with then unknown names. He had a "touch" for spotting coming writers of quality, and a quick glance through his tables of contents (especially those edited during the Twenties and Thirties) will show his keen perceptiveness. One cannot help but wonder (and the future will tell it) whether Miss Foley has shown this same facility with her 1948 selections.

The remarkable fact about the volume this year is the number of inclusions of authors who virtually have been unheard of before. In some cases they are represented by first published stories; the average age of contributors probably wouldn't run above thirty. Nor does any magazine dominate the listing this year. Two stories each have been chosen from *The New Yorker*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Tomorrow*. The other twenty stories are from as many magazines.

After the First World War O'Brien noticed a "postwar wave" of writers, and fifteen years ago he told Miss Foley that another great new wave would be coming along. She has watched for it and this book, she feels, shows something of that wave—that it presents writing which "definitely strikes a new note."

The "note" is discernible, but whether it is particularly new or valuable is a debatable matter. Perceptive stories of childhood are literally a drug on the market; there are many of them here, and the only really noteworthy one is "Departure of Hubbard," by Robert Gibbons. This is accomplished in the manner it shows the emergence of a boy into adolescence—but hardly represents anything new thematically.

Nor are the stories of neurotic sensibility something we have not had much of before—although it is certainly a striking symptom of our times to find so many of them in magazines and so many selected for anthology honors. "Children Are Bored on Sundays," by Jean Stafford, is the most deft example. Here the insight is devilishly keen. The portraits of two soggy New York intellectual types are instantly recognizable—but one feels like hurrying them to the nearest psychoanalyst rather than spending much pity upon them. And the lost soul shown by Elizabeth Hardwich in "Evenings at Home" one would rather not put up with at all. The self-loathing of its heroine (reflected in the loathing of her roots) is undeniably documentary, but painfully confessional rather than revealing in literary terms. To put a name to the "new note" that is found so often here I would choose narcissistic. Our younger writers seem to be turning inward towards what looks like a morass instead of a rich vein.



Even where the glance is outward the healthy signs are often lacking. The youngest contributor, Madelon Shapiro, looks upon a group of tortured university types in "An Island for My Friends" with bleak eyes, as if to say: "Are these my mentors?" And Ruth Herschberger gives in "A Sound in the Night" as stark a portrayal of city frustration as I have seen anywhere. The writing, though, is so exceptionally good that a real note of horror emerges.

There is relief to be found in some stories that deal with more "normal" people and emotions. Frank Brookhouser does another of his sympathetic character sketches in "My Father and the Circus." Sherwood Anderson is his master, but it is refreshing to find a writer honestly carrying forward what has come to be a worthwhile tradition. Jane Mayhall's "The Men" is tenuous (as some of Chekhov's lesser tales are) but experimental in a promising way. And J. D. Salinger contributes a fine blend of humor and pathos with "A Girl I Knew." Most welcome of all is Jim Kjelgaard's "Of the River and Uncle Pidcock," a gently funny fantasy about a long battle between a farmer and a monster catfish. This truly excellent short story, by the way, appeared in *Adventure Magazine*.

The tendency of popular women's magazines to publish stories of distinction should be noted. Salinger's appeared in *Good Housekeeping*. "Small Miracle," by Adele Dolokhov, is not so well written, but its subject matter—frigidity and its effects on family life—is handled dramatically and courageously. *Today's Woman* published it.

By contrast, the smaller literary reviews seem far too often to be going in for the morbid, the pretentious, and the downright dull in the way of stories. Miss Foley has chosen nine stories from magazines in this classification. They almost invariably lack that good staple element: drama. The influences too depressingly often seem to come from Sartre, James, and Kafka. I would say that it is a note working its way out of rather than into American literature.

But as always this volume is a good reflector of the moods and temper of the people and their time. If it cannot continuously be read with pleasure it can at least be read with profit. There can be no question of the sincerity and the honest evaluation which Miss Foley brings to bear upon a difficult task, and since the nature of her task ultimately involves individual preferences a full agreement that she has found the best is not to be expected.

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From Vet to Squire

JOURNEY INTO SPRING. By Winston Clewes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 223 pp. $3.

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

MOST American readers will remember Winston Clewes for his first-rate novel of Jonathan Swift, "The Violent Friends." Now he has done another first-rate job, this time of an English war veteran making adjustment to civilian life.

Fletton, the hero, is unique in that he comes back from harrowing war experiences to a run-down estate and village of which death and circumstances have made him the unexpected and not too willing squire. He is a fairly familiar literary figure in that, like so many of our storied veterans, he is psychologically a mess—in this instance the result of brutal war prisons and an unusual childhood. Books on morally disabled veterans always seem to this particular observer to reflect more of their authors than of their characters. If there is anything at all to this notion, then Winston Clewes is an intelligent and sensitive speculator on the motives and nature of troubled man; he is a person with a fundamental sense of the basic decency of human beings and an honest hope that they will meet their destiny with intellectual fastidiousness and social awareness.

Fletton takes his place in the village of Fletton, bitterly resentful of the nastiness of what he has been forced to endure and determined to be about nobody's business but his own. He finds out the truth of the old adage that man cannot live alone, the old veracious saw rediscovered in our generation that "no man is an island." In his case the problems of villagers, made mean by environment and history are thrust at him, the new lord of the manor. He neither wants the role nor will take it, but the troubles of two young villagers who have got themselves through ignorance and folly into a bad scrape are foisted on him. He meets them in a manly and intelligent way and, in doing so, reaches out from the welter of self-pity in which he had been wallowing.

The novel therefore makes a welcome and creditable change from the more conventional ones of the "life is too terrible" school.

It is a good novel, interesting and convincing despite the overly melodramatic qualities of some of its parts. In fact the melodrama is fine. Fletton's journey through the blizzard for assistance when Sue is having her baby is vivid and exciting. Harriet, the rector's daughter, who gets there in time meets all the requirements for a story of this type.

Winston Clewes—"a positive philosophy."

—Wanek King.

Mary Deasy — "themes elemental and universal."

Most appealing, however, is the positive philosophy of the author, a welcome, healthy, and convincing one. He knows people are mixtures of good and bad, made so by accident and place. He accepts, too, that they have responsibilities to themselves and others, and that given a chance, some at least will meet them. His thesis is not intrusive for he is too good a craftsman to draw a moral obviously. But it is there for the reading and the reading is easy and pleasant, made so by the skill of practised hand and thoughtful mind.

A Lady's Aid

CANNON HILL. By Mary Deasy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 310 pp. $3.

By KENNETH S. DAVIS

HERE, in this second novel by Mary Deasy, at least for this reader, is a sense of that peculiarly mid-American individualism whereby each person borrows a kind of integrity from the space surrounding him: so much space seems available for staging, in sharp and lonely outline, the isolate personality. Here, too, are those slow, steady rhythms of vital triumph and defeat, of birth and growth and decline into death, which differ so sharply from the nervous jangle, the quick mechanical beat, of coastal urban areas.

I hasten to add that the book has far more than a merely regional interest. With a life-affirming compassion rare in serious fiction these days, Mary Deasy deals with themes at once elemental and universal. She is skilful in the evocation of quiet moods, often joining these with weather and landscape in ways highly effective.

At the heart of the story, which runs its course during the first two decades of this century, is the character of Rhoda Beauchamp, who operates a boarding house for men in Cannon Hill, a suburb of Bard City. She is a lonely woman of forty or so when the story opens, her father having just died and her only lover having jilted her some twenty years before. Her only near relation is her brother, Virgil, who has been so completely taken over by his wife's family, the close-knit, property-minded Kroeners (whom Rhoda dislikes), as to prevent much fraternal intimacy. Thus her present is without purpose and her future bleak when Robert Brand, a widower a dozen years her junior, with a seven-year-old daughter, comes into her life in 1906. Thereafter, until the story ends in the early 1920's, the meaning of her existence develops richly and fully out of her relationship with Brand—a profoundly beautiful relationship of love purified of all physical sexual elements. Brand had been forced to go into the Pennsylvania coal mines when a lad of thirteen, but he is determined to make himself a doctor—and through a decade of heroic effort, in which he is sustained by the faith and help of Rhoda, he achieves his aim.

Around this central story are entwined the stories of Brand's daughter, Browen; of Virgil Beauchamp's

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defeat by life and the Kroeners; and of Virgil's son, Sam, who finds the way of life for himself and for Browen through his experiences in World War I and his two years on a Czechoslovak farm following that war. All of these people are beautifully realized, and they live in the reader's mind with a vividness which increases, if anything, after the book is closed.

It has been proved dangerous to list alleged literary antecedents of a writer; so often the writer denies having read the works from which he is said to have learned. But it seems to me that Mary Deasy may have learned much—and not always to her advantage—from D. H. Lawrence. All through "Cannon Hill" I seemed to hear echoes of "Sons and Lovers" or "The Rainbow" in the abrupt transition from one story element to another, in the method of psychology (though the psychology itself is radically different from Lawrence's), in the generally static effect achieved by presenting a theme in flat statement and then using events to illustrate it, in the word choice and the loose structure of paragraphs, even in the names of characters. In Mary Deasy's hands, this method and style tends sometimes to blur the outlines of her tale and to soften the impact of its events. Less dramatic conflict is to be found in the description of a scene than must obviously have been present in the scene itself. The total effect is of people and events remembered rather than immediately experienced.

But I must not leave the impression that the book is wholly derivative, imitative. If Mary Deasy has imitated Lawrence (and I cannot be sure of it), she has done so creatively, using Lawrentian devices to recreate a world that is truly her own, learning thus as one artist always learns from whatever other artist is accepted as master. Certainly the book she has written has rare values of its own, and it points the way toward future work of an even higher order.

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

John Milton: "Samson Agonistes"

THEREFORE God's universal Law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lowre:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, nor dismay'd.

Apocryphal Barabbas

THE ROBBER. By Bertram Brooker. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 307 pp. $3.

By Nathan L. Rothman

THE hero of this novel is Barabbas the robber, for whom the people shouted when Pontius Pilate offered them their historic choice. Jesus is a shadowed figure off-stage, Judas Iscariot is a tortured mystic, and Joseph of Arimethea is a gentle and eloquent man of good will. Their tale is told to us again by Mr. Brooker in accents of excitement that make them seem contemporary. Mr. Brooker writes in great awe of his subject and with a burning desire to bring some new focus to bear upon it. He does manage this by his fresh approach to both Barabbas and Judas. The first is revealed not only as a revolutionary—which is on the record—but actually as a vigorous spiritual leader, one who would implement the cleansing words of Jesus with the arms of a Maccabeus. There might, in the light of this, have been some reason for the sound of his name on the lips of the multitude, crying for his release. As for Judas, there is an interesting theory advanced here by Mr. Brooker that calls for some thought, some recognition, despite his evident straining to fit Judas into a modern psycho-clinical case-book. For Judas is here revealed as one who has accurate pre-visions of the end before the beginning, who knows the role of Jesus as it is to be played, through death to victory, and who feels he has been chosen for the onerous task of entering Jesus upon his way to the cross.

Earnestness, awe, and interpretive zeal are Mr. Brooker's, then—but not the quality he, or any writer, would need to lift this story to its true level. Not the essential spiritual stature which the writer, especially in *this* instance, must bring to his subject. It may seem hardly fair to object that Mr. Brooker is not a great writer; yet that is the only objection I can make, since I am convinced that nobody else ought to undertake to re-work the Scriptures. In the hands of anybody but a first-rate thinker and writer, the tale can only read as a folksy simplification, embroidered with whatever contemporary preoccupations the novelist wears upon his sleeve at the time of writing, and denuded of those spreading dimensions, those profound echoings, of the great story. Mr. Brooker is not free of these limitations. But credit him with a rousing, if apocryphal, portrait of Barabbas and a rarely tender treatment of Judas.

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Sad Little Paisans

A TALE OF POOR LOVERS. By Vasco Pratolini. New York: The Viking Press. 396 pp. $3.50.

By Alfred Hayes

IN 1925-26 Mussolini completed his consolidation of power, and Fascism entered its "moderate and legal" phase. Socialism, centered in the big northern cities, had been defeated; the twenty years of power were under way. For an Italian who experienced that climactic period in the peninsula's long history, whose memories of it are confined to and bound up with the street he lived on, the neighbors he knew, the day-to-day episodes that finally assumed a perceptible historical pattern, the looking backward now when Italy has entered another political phase must bring with it a feeling akin to what one used to call fate. That is, the past seems fixed and irrevocable, the crimes committed immutable; only the anger has been softened by time, the political tragedies have become elegaic.

This, in substance is the tone that dominates Vasco Pratolini's novel "A Tale of Poor Lovers," which appeared in Italy two years ago and was rather widely liked by the Italian press. That tone may not have for us the significance and the intimate weight which it has for the Italians; but if one thinks of something like Ann Petry's "The Street," granted the difference in experience, the violence of poverty and the violence of political assassination, one can locate the effectiveness of the Italian novel. Pratolini's book is an example of what has been called "the romanticism of the real," and the task he has set himself is to chronicle the effects of the solidification of Fascist power upon a Florentine back street, the Via del Corno. "It is rather a neglected street," says Mario, in the final scene of the book, "with all its gossip and the wretched poverty of its people. But we and they are of the same clay." Pratolini knows that in the Via del Corno sex is the fate of the women, politics of the men. Carlino, the accountant who has become a squadristo, will murder Maciste, the Socialist blacksmith; Milena's husband will hesitate to contribute to a Fascist aid fund, and be maimed for life by the blackshirts; Milena will have her lover taken away by detectives; and the young girls will meet their destinies on the empty sacks in a coal cellar or in the rooms of the Albergo Cervio. The Via del Corno's fate will be, in this historical perspective, to endure for a while the weight of the corporate state. Time has changed all that happened twenty years ago into this not-too-bitter elegy, into a sort of faded diary that we kept once full of our crimes, our sufferings, our mistakes. We are not sure that it will not come again, or that the violence will not repeat itself; there is always that possibility in the Via del Corno; we are only certain that something that happened to us has ended for a while. This mingling of reality and historical melancholy gives "A Tale of Poor Lovers" its special flavor; and if our taste is now for novels whose central situations are more extreme and whose psychology is more complex, that does not detract from the genuineness of the thing Pratolini has done, or reduce its solid merits.

Alfred Hayes is author of the novel "The Girl on the Via Flaminia."

—From the jacket of "A Tale of Poor Lovers."

Big Bungalow, Ceylon

ELEPHANT WALK. By Robert Standish. New York: The Macmillan Co. 278 pp. $3.

By Pamela Taylor

"IT is not wise, Master, to make enemies of the Elephant People." Thus big Tom Carey was warned when he picked the site on which he intended to build his gigantic teakwood bungalow. Certainly there was no more magnificent location in Ceylon than the small plateau where a spring bubbled, cupped in a valley from which, in fifteen years of work and vision and courage, Carey had beaten back the jungle and made a great coffee plantation. That it lay directly across a track beaten, from time immemorial, by the feet of elephant herds seeking the cool green hills, impressed him not at all.

So the Big Bungalow, begun in 1863, and built for Tom Carey's children, and his children's children, rose to be the wonder of the countryside; and a small herd, driven out of the drought-ridden valleys below, found men digging and building on the elephant walk; an old bull elephant charged the workers and was killed; a baby bull was wounded and his mother trapped in a pit of the men's making. The baby escaped with the remainder of the herd, but he was never to forget the place, the terror and the pain connected with it.

To this bungalow Tom Carey returned from England in 1868, leaving his young bride behind him; there he read the cable telling him she had died in giving birth to a son, and there he faced the great blight of 1869, which wiped out the coffee planters of Ceylon. By the time his ten-year-old son was sent out to him the trade mark of his "Elephant Walk Tea" was already famous. It was a flourishing business which George Carey inherited from his father. He also inherited the Big Bungalow, stocked, furnished, and run on a scale of princely lavishness, and the hatred of the Elephant People.

"Elephant Walk" is the story of George Carey, who lived too long in the shadow of his father's legend; of Appuhamy, the Sinhalese major domo who kept Tom Carey's legend alive with fanatic devotion, loving the son because of his father, the Big Bungalow for its builder. Most of all it is the story of Ruth, the wife whom George Carey met at an English village tennis party and brought back to accustom herself as best she could to a life of isolation, a husband whom she had chosen because of ambition

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Right to Have Opinions

IN THE discussions about modern poetry that have resulted from the publication of Robert Hillyer's articles attacking the Library of Congress Award to Ezra Pound [*SRL* June 11, June 18], it is a commonplace to hear statements like this: "I cannot understand some of the modern poets and so I have not the right to talk about them." Or, "In spite of what you say, 'The Pisan Cantos' may be the best poetry published last year. I can't read it; but if a group of well-known critics agrees that you are wrong, perhaps you are wrong, and they may be right." Or, "I could not make sense out of 'The Four Quartets,' but T. S. Eliot is known to be the greatest poet writing in English of our day; and if he believed that 'The Pisan Cantos' deserved the award, who am I to deny it?"

It is difficult to find any satisfactory reply to the state of mind illustrated by this blind acceptance of greatness in poetry that may be incomprehensible to the intelligent reader or too obscure to be followed with pleasure. The speakers offer a blank check to the poet and critic and regard the signature as worth its weight in gold.

One answer can be made, if you wish to continue an argument that becomes increasingly futile. You may say, "I know that you are a man of culture; you are well-read and have a sensitive appreciation of literature. You know the value of words; you have volumes of poetry on your shelves." Or you may say, "I am not questioning an unlettered man. If I wanted your opinions on a score of contemporary novels, you would not hesitate to give them, no matter what others have said. Poetry consists of written words which are not alien to your vocabulary."

But neither satire nor tacit recognition of a man's knowledge and sensitivity will stir the hallucinated victims of the priests of poetry, or indeed of any of the other arts. They have spoken, and no man outside the charmed circle can reject their judgments. Whether designed or not, this is authoritarianism with a vengeance.

One of our reasons for printing Mr. Hillyer's articles and the editorials and letters that followed was founded on a desire to bring the subject of modern poetry, and by implication of modern art, into the daylight. We were aware that the choice of Ezra Pound's "The Pisan Cantos" for the Bollingen Prize as the best poetry of 1948 could not be defended by any large group of rational men. Indeed, this unfortunate award was not even approved by the head of the Library of Congress, which sponsored it. It seemed to us that the Fellows in American Letters had gotten themselves into a hole from which they could not extricate themselves and that they were therefore subject to criticism. We felt that this criticism was concerned with matters which were of interest to the general public and that it might involve the infallibility of the cult itself and, finally, lead to the destruction of its power to offer judgments and to award prizes of national significance. It might even be possible that the intelligent, cultured man we are discussing might eventually open his eyes and announce, "I have the right to say that this poem is nonsense. I know that it is deeply admired by many whom I respect, and I admit their right to their opinions. Let us go our separate ways in peace." —H. S.

The Magazine Mission

IN SIXTY-THREE cities throughout the world the Department of State has established United States Information Service Libraries with reading rooms and rental services which are run very much the same as public libraries in this country. These libraries attempt to bring to the local people in forty-three countries a cross-section of American printed material in the form of books, magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, etc. The demand for this material among the local populations has increased steadily until now, with its limited budget, the Department of State is unable to keep up with the expressed interest of the local reading public.

This is particularly true in the current magazine field because in this way the foreign reader is able to keep up with current affairs in technical, scientific, cultural, and literary fields. One of our most pressing demands has been for more and more good current magazines which can be distributed in foreign countries to libraries, schools, universities, and other places where the interest in all things American seems to mount daily.

In a recent letter the Department of State has asked *The Saturday Review* to request our readers to send us their names and addresses if they care to assume the obligation of sending a subscription to overseas libraries and to selected individuals. Please address your communications to the Foreign Service Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Island Fishermen

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

WITH sunset now, and ripening of the tide,
The day's bright catch a thing for memory,
Fishermen bronze as nets the sun has dried
Turn to a smaller doorway than the sea,
Taking the dim streets in a motley crowd,
Their salty words and laughter lifting higher,
Leaving the gulls behind them in a cloud,
The small boats rocking, arguing with the pier.
Deserted and forgotten now with night
The boats grow lonely like old fishermen,
Knowing no voice, no flare of cigarette
To break the darkness settling warm and plain,
Only the echo of a wave's far roar,
A pale wind breathing silver to the shore.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Parelhoff on Jung

SIR: A study of the reply of Dr. Luther H. Evans pertaining to the Pound award [*SRL* July 2] gives the impression that our Librarian of Congress "doth protest too much."

Let us refresh our memories. In 1933 the Nazis "cleansed" the German "Academy of Poets" and virtually forced the distinguished novelist and critic Heinrich Mann from its presidency. In December of the same year Dr. Carl G. Jung of Switzerland—despite overwhelming evidence of the degradation of culture and the debasement of the professions in Nazi Germany—voluntarily accepted the editorship of the Nazified *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie*, published in Leipzig. The noted psychiatrist proceeded immediately with the Nazi program for the *Gleichschaltung* (bringing into step) of "Germanic psychology." He openly endorsed the pledge of the New Germany's psychiatrists to recognize "Adolf Hitler's fundamental book 'Mein Kampf' " as a basic work.

We should bear in mind that, both before and after his alliance with the Nazis, Carl Jung repeatedly expressed his preference for the aristocratic and the elite. In his book titled "Psychological Types" he explains why he chose to limit his psychotherapeutic efforts to patients of "quality." There are striking similarities in the techniques of Jung and his disciples and those whom Robert Hillyer has so aptly labeled "Poetry's New Priesthood." Both groups have converted and utilized the work of others for purposes of their own. The writings of both groups are replete with pseudo-mystic obscurities which can be interpreted only by the inner circle.

Now, at a time which Jung has described as "After the Catastrophe," the Bollingen Foundation, named in honor of this Nazi collaborationist, has presented a poetry award to Ezra Pound, a Fascist collaborationist. Furthermore, this award was decided by "a jury of the Fellows of the Library of Congress in American Letters." The amazing coincidences apparent in the entire business are, indeed, as strange as anything in fiction. The time has come to prove that what Jung termed our American "naivete"—and which he ridiculed back in 1927—is only another of his fabrications.

Would not Dr. Evans consider it more fitting that our Library of Congress henceforth refrain from association with the Bollingen Foundation or other such private projects?

ALBERT D. PARELHOFF.

New York, N. Y.

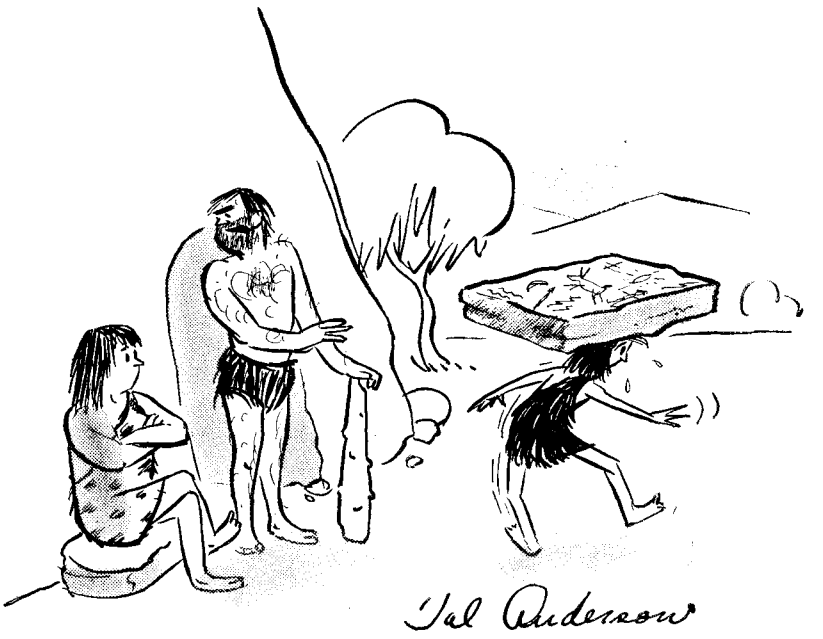
More Views on Pound and Eliot

SIR: Your resounding, solid editorial on Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award and the two splendid articles on the same subject by Robert Hillyer ["Treason's Strange Fruit," *SRL* June 11; "Poetry's New Priesthood," *SRL* June 18] are the most stirring things I have seen in any magazine for many a moon. I hope they will lead not only to a rebellion against the Bollingen Prize award and the insane drivel of Ezra Pound, but also to "a revolution of no mean dimensions"—as you say—against all of the pretentious obscurantists who seem to be ruling contemporary poetry and criticism.

I wish that the publishers of freshman prose anthologies and other college English textbooks would incorporate your editorial in the future, for that would be a good way of awakening the younger generation, and perhaps even those teachers who have been taken in by snobbish esthetes and their jargon, to a keen realization that literature cannot be judged apart from its ideas and ideals. Our literature and all who read it can be vitalized only when anti-humanitarian cynicism, incoherent symbolism, trivial, pseudo-learned plays on words, and murky posturings are taken as an affront to intelligence and common decency.

ALBERT CROISSANT,
Occidental College.

Los Angeles, Calif.



"She's been carrying that book on her head for days and it hasn't improved her posture yet."

SIR: Congratulations on publishing Robert Hillyer's inquiry into the Bollingen award to Ezra Pound. Whether that moth-eaten faun deserves the noose or merely the straightjacket I don't pretend to judge. But clearly what he does not deserve is praise and prizes. His accolade by the Fellows of the Library of Congress in American Letters is the silliest act perpetrated in recent times by our literary circles —even though some of my best friends are jurors.

Pound has been a shabby charlatan from the start—a third-rate hack trying to win repute for wit and learning by antic japeries and interlarding his verses with tags of incorrect Latin and garbled Greek (as the British classicist John Sparrow pointed out some years ago, at the same time urbanely touching up a few solecisms in T. S. Eliot). To paraphrase an old saying, Pound is nothing if not a scholar: and he is not a scholar. As for his social opinions, I seem to recall that years before Pound began his infatuation with Mussolini (whose luster belonged to the same Silver Latinity as Pound's poetry), or espoused the theory that usury, invented by the Jews, had debauched Gentile civilization, he was writing jolly verses about "the filthy unkillable infants of the very poor." His snobbery has always been cheap and vicious, but only within recent years has his genius—fructifying in "The Pisan Cantos" now crowned with the bays of the Library of Congress Fellows—been compounded by senile dementia.

DIXON WECTER.

Lima, Peru.

SIR: I imagine you want to know how your readers react to *SRL*'s pages, so I am sending three deafening cheers for the joint editorial and Mr. Hillyer's two articles. A good stiff wind has long been needed to blow through the smug and hazy cloud of utterances rising from the "new critics," and *SRL* did it in bang-up style—with dignity, with clarity, and with sternness. One can't afford not to have political convictions these days, and the Bollingen Award seems a serious error to me.

These two copies of *SRL* are worth the whole year's subscription price.

KATHARINE DENNIS.

Carmel, Calif.

SIR: Not being either poet or critic myself, I am unqualified to evaluate "The Pisan Cantos" as poetry through a textual analysis, but I cannot but gag over the illogic and atrocious taste displayed throughout these articles. Mr. Hillyer seems to consider extra-

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poetic issues to be relevant when an award for poetry is made. Extrapoetic factors may be relevant in assessing the content value of a poem to society, but one cannot imagine how esthetic success in a work of art is to be evaluated except upon esthetic criteria. Mr. Hillyer fails to do a critic's job; he rejects not only "The Pisan Cantos" but the work of Eliot and of all those who have been influenced by Eliot or Pound, not upon textual analysis of such work but upon political and sociological grounds, using the occasion to engage in the most vicious mud slinging. To deny the value of their work to poetry is about as sensible as to deny the value of cubism to painting.

Both Mr. Hillyer and Mr. Shapiro seem to completely misunderstand the position of the new critics. They do *not* maintain that there is no relation between the work of art and the life of man. What they do maintain is that we must not confuse our levels of reference, our modes of inquiry. An esthetic evaluation rests upon esthetic criteria, a sociological commentary upon sociological theory. Obviously the work of art relates either directly or indirectly to the life of man—his experiences with other men, with nature, his thoughts about time, eternity, causality, his flashes of insight into the nature of ultimate truth. But we must never try to derive the work of art as art from the biography of the artist. The latter may or may not be edifying.

"Art for art's sake titivated with plumes of voodoo jargon"? Of course art for art's sake. Only when the artist in the process of creation is wholly taken up with his work, without extraneous considerations, is it likely to be first rate. The artist, detaching himself momentarily from the "busyness" of man, putting himself freely at the service of his Muse or daimon, is thereby enabled to contemplate and to work upon his material objectively, with the perspective which a slight remove makes possible. Mr. E. M. Forster in his recent talk to the American Academy ably defended art for art's sake from another standpoint. In the end such work, made for its own sake, is most likely to be of value to man.

JAMES FITZSIMMONS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: As an artist and school teacher I have always believed that one of the elements of greatness in any art form is simplicity—from Giotto and Homer to Keats, Frost, and Marin. Where does Ezra Pound fit into this pattern?

And dear Mr. T. S. Eliot! It's about time we had some intelligent analysis of his cleverly esoteric poetry.

JOHN D. AIKEN.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

SIR: Although both your editorial and Robert Hillyer's articles stress the cultural and political aspects of the case, it seems to me that the issue is deeper—an ethical and moral one. It lies within the meaning, and its application here, of the term "citizen." Is one indicted as a traitor a citizen? Is an expatriate? Is literature amoral?

In this case the situation is not amoral. And the highest qualities and standards should be represented in the work and individual who is the recipient of such eminence. It is necessary to bring out into the open the issues and implications in a situation of such a complicated nature, and the motive, it seems to me, should be to bring out the highest sense of right. I think Mr. Hillyer's article admirably lays the essential groundwork for such a purpose.

AMY BONNER,
The Poetry Society of America.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Despite certain oversimplifications in Robert Hillyer's articles on Pound and the award, let me say it's about time a general broadside was delivered at the whole Eliot-Pound coterie that has been paralyzing American poetry for too long. The native intellectual, guilt-ridden and rootless, is a perfect sucker for his British country cousin. We hope Mr. Hillyer's plain facts will dispel some of the esthetic fog hanging over the Muse. Several more such denouements and perhaps poetry will become more of a value in our life, instead of an esoteric word game.

NORMAN ROSTEN.

Mount Sinai, N. Y.

SIR: In the second of Hillyer's articles he quotes the opening stanza of the ballad beginning "Summer is icumen in," and then shows how Pound mistreats it. As one of your correspondents has already pointed out, Pound's poem begins "Winter is icumen." Obviously the young Pound was lightly complaining of our winter weather and doing no malicious hurt to the ancient favorite.

There is an ancient saying in the law, "*Falsus in uno, Falsus in omnibus.*" To substitute "Summer" for "Winter" is an inexcusable slip in a piece of literary criticism. I hold no brief for Pound and I am in full sympathy with the stand taken by your editors in publishing Hillyer's attack on the recent award of the Bollingen-Library of Congress prize, but in so far as Hillyer is inaccurate, either inadvertently or purposely, your editors should dissociate from it. I don't want any smudge on my favorite weekly if this is a case of pot and kettle!

RALPH W. WESCOTT.

Haddonfield, N. J.

SIR: I think this stand you are taking not only advances the importance of *SRL* but is going to touch off a long-suppressed revolution against over-personalized art, so confusing and unrewarding and, finally, obscure to the point of worthlessness. Perhaps, stirred by this brave and unashamed report, many will come forward and for the first time dare to assert that they do not like much of modern poetry; nor can they understand it. The air needs to be cleared of the tangles of language of the "new criticism" and its subjects, and you are doing a remarkable job in shearing away all the falseness and murkiness and intolerant superiority that are bogging down poetry.

BETH BISHOP.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Our country is full of faults; but underneath the shortcomings we have a magnificent land—physically and in technical achievement—and a

wonderful people whose courage and strength and basic wholesomeness is attested to by the very fact that they can hopefully live through the things that are wrong with their country.

My own opinion is that these common people—not only in the United States but everywhere—are brighter than the Big Brains give them credit for being, and that although it may be a long painful process, eventually they will correct society's faults and achieve a world fit for human beings to inhabit. Meanwhile people like Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot are of *no help* in providing an atmosphere conducive to such progress.

BERNICE CAREY.

Los Gatos, Calif.

SIR: Your articles on Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Fellows should make you the darling of the House Committee on Un-American Affairs. If ever a publication took over their technique of guilt by association and thorough smearing of reputations you are it. Can you cite any documented proof that the award to Pound was in any way motivated by pro-Nazi or pro-Fascist sympathy on the part of the Fellows? Do you have proof that a known Nazi or Fascist helped make the choice?

As to Ezra Pound, let me say that I don't like his poetry or his political beliefs any more than you do. You must admit that he did have the courage of his convictions. If he is guilty of treason then he certainly is in plenty of company. I have heard plenty of good Americans, and so have you, express the same sentiments as Ezra Pound. All that they lacked was the opportunity to broadcast from Rome, Berlin, or Tokyo.

I fail to see the point of your bitterness against Pound and Eliot for turning their backs on America. They have not been the first nor are they likely to be the last. Look through our history and you will find countless Americans who gave up in disgust their homes and positions in America. The fault lies not with these men, and the occasional women who have found happiness in Europe. The fault lies solely with our way of life. It is about time that we open our eyes and admit to ourselves that the democratic institutions of our country have been a signal failure. Our system of universal and free education has placed a premium on mediocrity and the average. It has brought about the apotheosis of the nonentity.

As a result of our concentration of

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all effort on practical matters we have grown intellectually sterile. Freedom in America has come to mean freedom to conform in ideas, in taste, in dress, and in beliefs. The result has been what was to be expected.

Can you and other defenders of the so-called American way of life point out to me where I can discover our Galileo, Einstein, or Newton; our Goethe, Dante, or Shakespeare; our Wagner, Beethoven, or Puccini? Can you point out a basic discovery in science ever made by an American? Can you describe a book, a painting, a piece of sculpture, or a musical composition by an American that even remotely approaches the best that Europe has to offer? Until we can do all of the above I would suggest that we stop sneering at Europe and at those Americans who have found a home and understanding among Europeans.

B. J. ARMATO.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I congratulate you upon the public service which you have performed by calling attention to the inexplicable action of the committee in presenting this award, which carries with it at least the inference of official approval by our Government, to a man who has been outspoken in his opposition to all that that Government stands for. However, I believe, as I am sure that you do, in giving credit where credit is due, and without questioning Mr. Hillyer's thesis the fact remains that some of Pound's early poems, untainted by his political beliefs, are among the most beautiful lyrics in our language. This, of course, does not to any extent excuse his later political position, which reached its culmination apparently with the beginning of his residence in Italy, and found its most violent expression in "Jefferson and/or Mussolini" and in the later Cantos.

It seems to me that Mr. Hillyer has weakened his argument somewhat by his choice of quotations from Pound's work, and particularly so because several of them are misquoted. This first

"Summer is icumen in
Lhude sing goddam"

quoted in the second article. They are from Pound's "Ancient Music," one of his early poems, and what he actually wrote is

"Winter is icumen in."

The other misquotations are of less significance, but in dealing with a subject of such importance it is unfortunate that Mr. Hillyer could not be more accurate.

The above is not for purposes of criticism, but in the interest of accuracy. It would indeed be unfortunate if Pound or his supporters were to be allowed to avail themselves of the escape so often used by those who appear in public print, that he has been misquoted. There is no excuse for his political activities and beliefs. Moreover, one who believes that literature is only for the few will also be likely to believe that government is also only for the few. In this connection it is interesting to note the parallel with the situation in modern painting as discussed by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings in his recent book, "Mona Lisa's Moustache."

WALTER P. ARMSTRONG, JR.

Memphis, Tenn.

SIR: For several months I have marveled at our cultural dichotomy which hindered or made impossible musical performances by artists whose philosophies were known to be at complete variance with our American way of life, yet honored the creators of literary works of greater deviation.

ELSIE M. WYZANSKI.

Brookline, Mass.

SIR: Would you permit me to answer your rhetorical question, "Wasn't it one of Pound's Axis colleagues, Joseph Goebbels, who said that every time he heard the word culture [*kultur*] he wanted to reach for a gun?"

It was not Goebbels but another Nazi criminal, the Hitler Youth leader Baldur von Schirach. That awful remark can be heard and seen in its original form (one of those hysterical youth rallies) in the U. S. Army feature "What We Are Fighting For." Alas, it seems all but forgotten what we *were* fighting for (or against). However, we owe thanks to courageous men like Robert Hillyer for reminding the public.

CAPT. THOMAS K. HERRMANN.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: I must protest against the insinuations and the utterly unfair and inadequate presentation of Dr. Carl Jung in Robert Hillyer's article. Dr. Jung was honored by both Yale (the Terry Lectures, 1937) and Harvard (honorary degree, 1936) and is today indisputably accepted as one of the greatest living psychologists. He is not a "psychoanalyst"—a term which the Freudians insist applies only to them. May I refer Mr. Hillyer to Jung's article "Diagnosing the Dictators," which appeared in *Cosmopolitan* in January 1938. It was reported by H. R. Knickerbocker, who quotes him far more correctly than Mr. Hillyer is either capable or able to do.

Hillyer's article seems to me spiteful and filled with malice. It tastes of sour grapes, and is unjust to a truly great thinker.

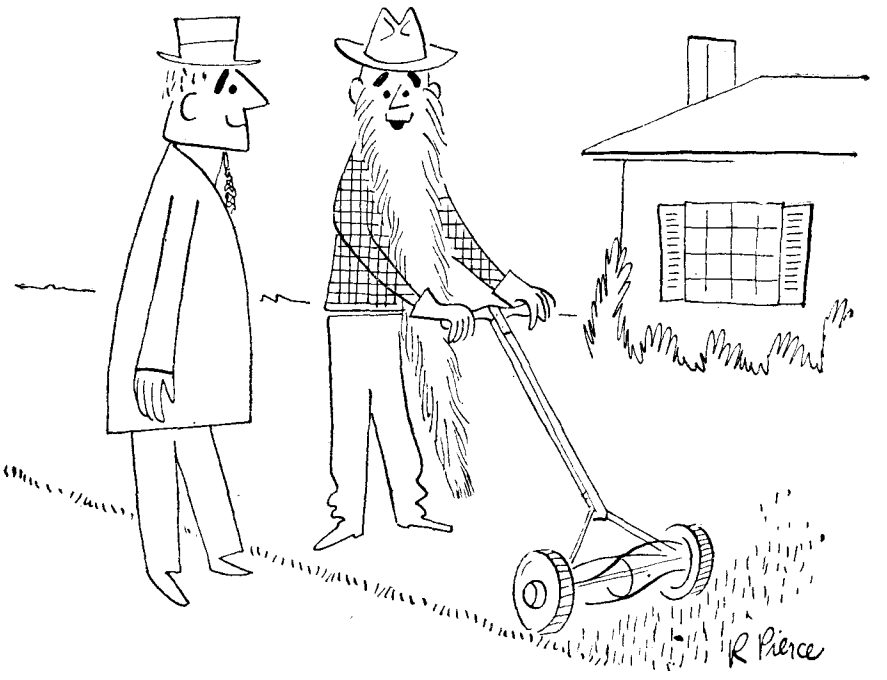
CARYL C. CARR.

Highland Park, Ill.

SIR: A Government agency is involved in the Bollingen Award, and your chief objection is hung upon that point. I suppose most people would agree with you that a government could hardly be expected to heap prizes upon an alleged traitor; but I suspect the basic point is that we ought to avoid government in the arts as much as possible. A free society must freely support its artists as *society*, not as *government*. Had the Bollingen Award been a strictly private (I prefer the word social) affair, your argument about government rewarding traitors could not have been used. Would the character of Pound's cantos as art be altered by that fact?

ALBERT PUCCI.

Hennepin, Ill.



"As a matter of fact, sometimes it does."

"Time Like Lichen"

SIR: When my poem "From a Train Window" [*SRL* June 11] appeared, I wrote to you chidingly for omitting the word "like" in the line "wearing time like lichen." Now I have your letter telling me that the omission was mine. I have only the written copy in my notebook to check by, but if I was really as careless as that, my humble apologies to all! The omission on my part was accidental and certainly not intentional. I am afraid someone will ask me to what class of fungi time lichen belongs!

And yesterday I heard from my

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old friend John Cowper Powys, in North Wales, to whom I had sent a written copy of the poem. He said the poem appeals particularly to him, especially the line: "wearing time like lichen." So you see what a mountain a molehill word can become in a poem!

ERIC WILSON BARKER.

San Francisco, Calif.

Accumulated Royalties Club

SIR: We are searching for nine "lost" contributors to an anthology in order to pay them their accumulated royalties, and should appreciate your giving space to this letter.

"The Golden Flute: An Anthology of Poetry for Young Children," edited by Alice Hubbard and Adeline Babbitt, was published by the John Day Company in March 1932. Our arrangement with the editors, under which half of all the royalties was to be divided pro rata among the contributors, was, we believe, one of the first of its kind in American publishing. The book is still selling steadily, and small royalties continue to accrue for the contributors.

But we have lost track of some of them. We should be glad to have information as to the address of any of the following contributors. (The addresses shown are the last of which we have record):

Eleanor Hammond, 1353 E. Flanders St., Portland, Ore.

Leroy Jackson, 25 Woodvale Ave., Asheville, N. C.

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RICHARD WALSH, JR.

Editor, The John Day Company.
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Homosexual Minority

SIR: Special pleading for homosexuals as such creates a minority that has no existence in fact. As the Kinsey report indicates, many men (and women) practise homosexuality with varying degrees of exclusiveness; but a majority of them also have heterosexual relations, and there is no hard and fast line between the "homosexual" and the others. What is needed (and what fits the facts) is not a society for the prevention of cruelty to homosexuals, but a reorganization of our concept of human sex ethics to include also all such important variants of human sex behavior as homosexuality. . . . When we can look upon all variations of human structure, thought, and behavior as we look upon the color of people's eyes, then—and only then—will we have the possibility of true tolerance and a unified world.

DONALD FAY ROBINSON.

Cooperstown, N. Y.

NEW EDITIONS

WHAT man has done, what he has thought, and what he has made in the way of art—these are the sum of his history; and we cannot say surely that his achievements in one field are more important than in another. For although it is true that a few philosophical words, or a painting, perhaps, may go down the centuries as an always vital part of the living present, while a decisive battle, for example, may remain embedded — however conspicuously — in the dead matrix of the past, it is also true that men of action are always partially, and often decisively, responsible for the conditions in which thinkers and artists have their being. Nor can we draw neat boundaries between the fields. Thought and art are interlaced; and, if thought is the guide of all but the most irrational action, it is only in action that all but the most abstract thought can find full realization. If, however, we agree with the late Hoyt H. Hudson that "the most valuable possession of the world is the past—but only whatever of the past also has a future," we shall have to conclude that thinkers and artists, as a rule, have a larger claim on the future—and, of course, on the present —than have men of prowess in the so-called practical callings of life.

Taking leave, now, of artists in favor of thinkers—and giving heed to the present rather than the future—it is fair to say that we cannot even begin to understand and evaluate the thought of our own times unless we have a considerable grounding in the thought of the past. To acquire such a base with any degree of thoroughness is the work of a lifetime, and of a fit intelligence; but even something of the sort is better than nothing, and there are helps at hand for the serious reader who cannot be, or pretend to be, a scholar.

Among these helps I rank high nine volumes popularly known as the Hearnshaw Series, composed of lectures originally delivered at King's College, University of London, and designed to elucidate the social and political thought of Europe from the Middle Ages down to the present century. For some years these useful books have been out of print—but now Barnes & Noble have restored four of them to circulation—and have promised to do the same for their companions. The four—edited, like the rest, by F. J. C. Hearnshaw, professor of medieval history in the University of London—are "Medieval Contributions to Modern Civilization," "The Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Thinkers of the Renaissance and the Reformation," "The Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Thinkers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," and "The Social and Political Ideas of Some Representative Thinkers of the Age of Reaction and Reconstruction, 1815-1865" ($4 each).

In the first volume our debt to the Middle Ages—as transmitters and creators in the most important fields of man's activities—is set forth with a sanity that avoids excess of either praise or depreciation. In the second we find chapters on Nicholas of Cusa, John Fortescue, Machiavelli, More, Erasmus, Luther, and Calvin. The third is concerned with Jean Bodin, Hooker, Francisco Suarez, James I of England, Grotius, Hobbes, James Harrington, and Spinoza. The fourth deals with Chateaubriand, Hegel, Coleridge, Robert Owen, John Stuart Mill, Comte, John Austin, Thomas Hodgskin, and other thinkers associated with their various theories. Each volume is distinguished by a general introduction—three of them by the editor—which displays a masterly ability to organize a large body of knowledge, with instructive lucidity, within a small compass. Lucidity, indeed, is characteristic of all the chapters, however they may differ among themselves in style or in degree of vivacity. I should like to back my recommendation with quotation and argument, but I have only space to say—these are books to own.

History and biography used to consist largely of accounts of how men ticked, but now—thanks to Freud, his followers, and schismatics—they are more and more concerned with why men tick as they do so variously. One of Freud's students and associates, Theodor Reik, has added to psychological theory and knowledge in two interesting books: "The Unknown Murderer" (International Universities Press, $4.25, and "Masochism in Modern Man" (Farrar, Straus, $6).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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History. *One of the results of our English heritage which Gerald W. Johnson was writing about in these columns a few weeks back ("It's the English in Us," SRL June 4) has been that Americans, even our scholars, have taken little interest in the Latin and Mediterranean worlds. Relatively few works about these cultures were available in English, and most of them were the products of British hands. But World War II enhanced (though it did not create) a curiosity about these matters among Americans, with the result that our publishers now find it worth while to publish, within a few weeks of each other, such books as Carlos Sforza's "Italy and the Italians" (June 4) and Leonardo Olschki's "The Genius of Italy" (see below). Mikesell's and Chenery's "Arabian Oil" (May 14) is now followed by Kermit Roosevelt's "Arabs, Oil, and History" (reviewed this week). Another link in the growing chain of readable, scholarly accounts of Latin America is H. G. Warren's "Paraguay."*

Stressing the Eternal Values

THE GENIUS OF ITALY. By Leonardo Olschki. New York: Oxford University Press. 481 *pp.* $5.

By Thomas G. Bergin

THE somewhat ambitious title of this distinguished work is particularized in the seventeen chapter headings, which begin with "The Italian Landscape: Man and Soil" and, passing through purely historical sections such as "The Italian People Between Papacy and Empire" and more general divisions such as "Divinities and Humanities in Italian Life" and "The Search for Truth and the Tragedy of Science," conclude with the all-embracing epilogue "The Heritage of the Past and the Problems of the Future." Actually, in spite of a chapter dedicated exclusively to Renaissance art and another to music, the main thread is to be found in the history of thought, with particular emphasis on its manifestations in literature and its canalization by political history. This is fair enough and indeed no small task in itself. Fortunately for the author at least, if not for Italy, the accidents—Vico would have said the design—of history make it possible to take up one by one certain great cultural categories: the philosophical and social functions of Italian letters, the political earthquake of the Renaissance and Counter Reformation, the scientific interest, the refuge of music, while at the same time preserving a chronological continuity. Mr. Olschki has taken full and skilful advantage of this peninsular pattern and has allowed history to guide his course, though it should be said that from the first chapter to the last the eternal values of the various aspects of the Italian genius have been shrewdly stressed.

Viewed as a history of literature the book at hand is in the tradition of De Sanctis and Croce and the treatment may thus be described as, in general, conventional. Originality may be found in occasional shifts of emphasis or elaboration of individual facts, figures, or theories but Mr. Olschki's special gift is rather in an unusual dexterity in illuminating synthesis. The chapter on "Dante and His Circle," for example, or, perhaps even more notably, the final summarizing chapter, gives us brilliant examples of able condensation. The paragraphs on Croce define with rare succinctness and deftness the essential significance of his work and its relation to contemporary thought. There are even a great number of individual sentences which illustrate the same ability to isolate essentials with remarkable accuracy and economy of words. For example, Mr. Olschki says of the Italian mentality of the early Renaissance: "The Averroistic opinion that theological truth may subsist side by side with philosophical truth without giving rise to insoluble conflicts was more than an expedient and became a characteristic Italian state of mind." And on humanism: "However divergent the definitions of humanism may be, it was indisputably a renascence of the classical values of the moral and esthetic, seen as autonomous and profane expressions of the human mind." These are nourishing sentences and there are many more of the same kind.

However two *caveats* should be entered before the average reader settles down to this book—as I hope he will. Since there is a vast amount of material to be covered, the writing, admirable though it is, is tightly packed and never easy reading. This is a book to be studied rather than read and it will, I suspect, be more valuable to one who already knows something of Italy's history and culture than to the neophyte. This is not to say that the casual reader will not find it worth while; he will, but he will often need to put aside casualness. Further, intense condensation and some ellipses, inevitable and perhaps unconscious on the part of the author, lead occasionally to apparent ambiguities. On page 182, for instance, Cola di Rienzo is called "this eloquent man of good faith" and on page 183 he is described as "a treacherous fool." In a sense both statements are true but it is hard for the reader to take such categorical affirmations without more interpretation than Mr. Olschki's terse style permits. A third objection might be made by some on the score of this very confident and categorical approach; the author uses black and white freely and has his own theories of history, too, somewhat discounting the importance of purely economic forces. But history is what the historian makes it and Mr. Olschki

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makes it alive and significant; we can hardly ask more.

A recurrent theme of the book is the eternal, deeply-imbedded Italian psychological compromise of the double truth. A people sectarian by tradition and tolerant (even of their own tradition) by tempermanent, idealistic in aspiration and skeptical in intellect, could hardly hope to escape this indictment. Perhaps we might reply in defense that if, as has been frequently suggested, Italians have substituted compassion for justice and expediency for principle, the substitutes at least make for happy social relations. However, what will impress the reader no less than the persistence of this double standard, as the panorama of Italian accomplishment through history is unfolded before him, is the enormous industry which no adversity could suppress and the happy gift of character which has enabled Italians at all times to transmute skepticism into fruitful curiosity and pragmatism into a kind of gentleness which is still the stamp of the Italian, today as for centuries past the most civilized of men. Politically Italy's destiny is no longer in her own hands—indeed, was it ever?—but the Italian genius has transcended history before and the record so ably written down by Dr. Olschki gives us hope that it may do so again.

Thomas G. Bergin is professor of Italian and chairman of the department of Spanish and Italian at Yale University.

Corsican's Dossier

NAPOLEON FOR AND AGAINST. By Pieter Geyl. New Haven: Yale University Press. 477 pp. $5.

By Geoffrey Bruun

IN SEPTEMBER 1940 Professor Pieter Geyl of the University of Utrecht lectured in Rotterdam on the Napoleonic legend while Hitler's cohorts patrolled the streets. A few weeks later he had an opportunity to repeat his entertaining discourse—to fellow hostages in Buchenwald. Forty months at various internment camps provided leisure for further reading and meditation, and the present book was executed after his release. It is, the author explains mildly in the preface, "a product of our recent experiences."

The parallel between Hitler and Napoleon could hardly fail to attract a professional historian; the astonishing thing is that his rough contact with dictatorship failed to distract Pieter Geyl from his calm intention. He remained serenely constant to his original aim: to appraise the Corsican's character as five generations of French historians had interpreted it. The result is not only a valuable volume on historiography, it is a shrewd and stimulating dissection of Napoleon's admirers and detractors from Chateaubriand to Georges Lefebvre. No French chauvinist and no blind devotee of the Napoleonic cult will take much delight in these chapters, but this still leaves a comfortable margin of readers to furnish an appreciative public.

French writers, arguing for and against, required more than a century to subjugate Napoleon to the historical rules of proportion and continuity. The fusion of the Napoleonic myth with the legend of French military prowess forged an amalgam not easy to recast. Authors who elected to glorify Napoleon, as Professor Geyl notes in a quiet aside, had a much better chance of becoming members of the French Academy than those who indulged in criticism. But the outcome of World War I, achieved by French generals who were resolutely subordinated to the civil government, weakened the argument that a "man on horseback" was indispensable to victory. By the 1930's such temperate and objective historians as Gabriel Hanotaux and Georges Lefebvre had reduced the role of Napoleon I to a sane historical synthesis.

The authoritarian tradition in France was not dead, however; it was sleeping, as the military disaster of 1940 proved in abrupt fashion. Meanwhile the interwar decades had carried Italy and Germany into plebiscitary dictatorships reminiscent of Napoleonic formulas. Professor Geyl offers no direct criticisms on these contemporary developments and he is too conscientious a historian to indulge in prophecy. Yet anyone curious to prefigure the course of Italian and German history writing for the coming years should ponder his book with close attention. It is written in the stars that Italy and Germany will produce their Vandals to dignify Mussolini's and Hitler's advent to power, Sorels to explain the logic of their wars, and Houssayes to dramatize the tragedy of their downfall. Blame for their ultimate defeat will be visited on officers who "blundered" their commands after the manner of Soult and Grouchy, or subordinates who "betrayed" the leader like Talleyrand and Marmont. The Napoleonic epic will continue to serve as a precedent for annalists unborn because history, as the author warns, is "an argument without end."

The magic of Napoleon's name is such that even dull books about him win attention. When they are written, as this one is, with insight, scholarship, and charm, a circle of readers is assured. The English translation by Olive Renier is fluent and animated. There is no bibliography but all necessary sources are given in crisp footnotes. A general index, an index of authors, and a chronological table for the main events of Napoleon's life make cross-reference easy.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

WOMEN AND WOMEN

Margery E. Gulbransen, of Pittsburgh, invites you to pair up these twenty heroines with the authoresses who created them. Allowing five points for each correct match, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 28.

1. Alison Stanhope	( ) Alice Hegan Rice
2. Countess Zattiany	( ) Betty Smith
3. Diony Hall	( ) Edith Wharton
4. Dorinda Oakley	( ) Edna Ferber
5. Elsie Dinsmore	( ) Elizabeth Madox Roberts
6. Emma McChesney	( ) Ellen Glasgow
7. Francie Nolan	( ) Gertrude Atherton
8. Hitty	( ) Harriet Beecher Stowe
9. Little Eva	( ) Helen Hunt Jackson
10. Lucy Gayhart	( ) Kate Douglas Wiggin
11. Lulu Bett	( ) Lillian Smith
12. Mattie Silver	( ) Louisa M. Alcott
13. "Marmee"	( ) Margaret Mitchell
14. Mother Carey	( ) Margaret Sidney
15. Mrs. Wiggs	( ) Martha Finley
16. Nonnie Anderson	( ) Mary Roberts Rinehart
17. Polly Pepper	( ) Rachel Field
18. Ramona	( ) Susan Glaspell
19. Scarlett O'Hara	( ) Willa Cather
20. Tish	( ) Zona Gale

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Land of Tumult

PARAGUAY: AN INFORMAL HISTORY. By Harris Gaylord Warren. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 393 *pp.* $5.

By J. Fred Rippy

ENTHUSIASM for Latin-American studies in the United States in recent years has resulted in the production of good histories of several of the countries to the south, but some of them have been neglected. Paraguay, in particular, has not been given adequate attention. Now Professor Warren has filled the gap.

This is an excellent summary of Paraguay's history from the days of the Spanish Conquest down to next to the last revolution in this little republic. The facts are reliable, the interpretations are sound, and the style is better than most historians can command.

It is a tragic story of bitter quarrels, oppression, and exploitation during the 300 years of the colonial epoch, and of military despotism, anarchy, and international wars during the century of Paraguay's independence. Between 1500 and 1800 the sedentary, semicivilized Indians dwelling in the region were conquered, reduced to serfdom, and partially Christianized by Spanish soldiers, bureaucrats, missionaries, and priests and a hybrid race was produced. The population at the end of the period was probably no larger than at the beginning, but in 1800 it was composed of Spaniards, Negroes, and mix-bloods as well as Indians, with the hybrids far outnumbering the rest. A population of some three hundred thousand at the beginning of the national epoch increased to nearly twice that number by 1864, but was almost exterminated by five years of war with a triple alliance of the neighboring countries, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil. Recovery was very slow and barely well under way before another long war was fought with Bolivia over boundaries. The country's inhabitants at the present time number hardly more than a million and their independence is threatened by domestic disorders and the rivalries of Argentina and Brazil.

Three tyrants, one after the other, ruled the nation during the first sixty years of its independent existence, two of them as brutal monsters as the human race ever produced. The first and the second exterminated most of the whites; the third completed the extirpation by getting involved in the war with Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay and by executing for alleged conspiracy those not killed in battle. The heavy task of rebuilding the ravaged country was left to the Indians and mix-bloods after the war was over. A few immigrants and some foreign capital flowed in, but the objective of these seems to have been monopoly and exploitation rather than development. Natives unable to eke out a frugal existence on their little farms were compelled to work for the miserable wages paid by alien enterprises engaged in exploiting the forests and raising livestock. Few railways, roads, or other public services were provided, and the masses suffered severely from poverty, ignorance, and disease. Although the Paraguayans won their war against Bolivia, victory was achieved at tremendous cost in life and capital, and the war caused a revival of militarism, which had abated somewhat during the opening decades of the twentieth century.

Paraguay has been a garrison state since 1936. Early in 1949, after Professor Warren's book went to press, another revolution occurred. The latest regime promises a new order of civilian rule, but Paraguay's history is filled with illusions and broken promises. Paraguay needs roads, schools, agrarian reforms, and efficient health services.

The major defect in Professor Warren's volume is its failure to present a well-rounded view of foreign investment in Paraguay since 1870, when the British tried to promote a "boom" after making an extortionate government loan. A useful bibliography is included.

Middle East Cauldron

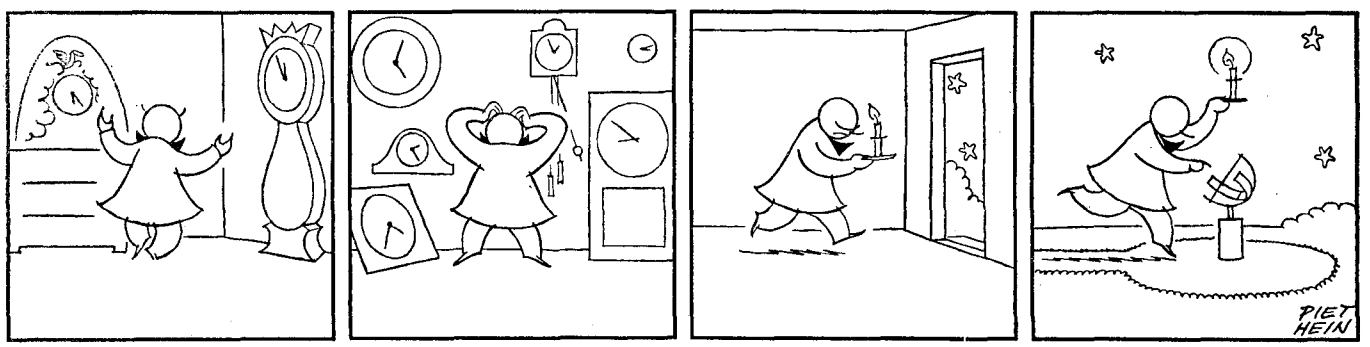
ARABS, OIL, AND HISTORY. By Kermit Roosevelt. New York: Harper & Bros. 271 *pp.* $3.50.

By Paul L. Hanna

THERE are Arabs and oil aplenty in Kermit Roosevelt's book but as history it is somewhat fragmentary and elusive unless, of course, one interprets history as current events.

Those who have read Mr. Roosevelt's articles on the Middle East in *Harper's* and *The Saturday Evening Post* during the two years since the author last visited that area in the spring of 1947 will be familiar with the viewpoint, the style, and indeed in part with the contents of this book. The viewpoint is that of a friendly and sympathetic, but not a blindly admiring, observer of the peoples and institutions of the contemporary Middle East. The style is informal, anecdotal, and a bit repetitive. The contents are a brief and often rather sketchy survey of the entire region from Egypt to Afghanistan and from Turkey to Aden, first through a series of generalizations about the land and the people, then through nine short chapters devoted to the ten major countries of the area, and finally through a limited but suggestive consideration of the roles of the Great Powers, Russia, Britain, and the United States, in the Middle East.

In dealing with the rulers of the Arab states (which receive a major share of the author's attention), Mr. Roosevelt reveals his respect and liking for sturdy old Ibn Saud while he discounts, possibly too greatly, the strength and ability of the Hashemites. Abdullah of Jordan, that charming but pliant and devious adventurer, he particularly dislikes and distrusts. Over and over he shows in narrative and in exposition the lack of democracy in the Middle East and the insecurity of the ruling cliques in most of the states in the face of mass poverty and misery. Mr. Roosevelt apparently once felt some hope that the Western-educated intellectuals, the



"Subjectivity."

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Young Effendis, might be instrumental in creating by relatively speedy and peaceful means a reformed economic and political order, but he now recognizes that this group is weak, uncertain of its own objectives, and increasingly handicapped by the prevailing xenophobia which rejects all things foreign. The recent Zayim revolt in Syria has pointed up this situation and has revealed again the flimsy nature of the democratic-constitutional façade in one of the more Westernized states of the Middle East.

The author, who has been executive director of the pro-Arab Committee for Justice and Peace in the Holy Land, finds dangers in political Zionism whether in Israel or beyond its frontiers. "The arguments of the Zionists," he believes, "constantly provided ammunition for the anti-Semite. The emotions and fears aroused over Palestine may be turned by unscrupulous men against Jews everywhere." But for the American oil companies he has kind words.

Like almost all observers Mr. Roosevelt sees the Middle East as one of the major theatres of the East-West cold war, and like most commentators he advocates an Anglo-American policy based upon Mr. Bevin's announced desire to consider the people of the Middle East rather than the pashas and upon Mr. Truman's now famous Point Four. "The need," he says, "is obvious. Unless Egypt, as one example, is given assistance, wisely and firmly, in straightening out her glaring inequalities . . . the Russians win and we lose." Mr. Roosevelt apparently would favor conducting the program of financial and technical aid through the United Nations to avoid the appearance of Anglo-American imperialism. He warns, however, that even this course is not free of pitfalls, for in the East the United Nations itself "may come to be regarded, and distrusted and hated, as the custodian of Western domination, the new trappings of old imperialism."

"Arabs, Oil, and History" provides in general a satisfactory and very readable introduction to a Middle East torn from within by social, economic, and political contradictions and tensions and bombarded from without by the pressures of Great Power rivalries.

Paul L. Hanna is on the faculty of the University of Florida.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Glaspell. 2. Atherton. 3. Roberts. 4. Glasgow. 5. Finley. 6. Ferber. 7. Smith. 8. Field. 9. Stowe. 10. Cather. 11. Gale. 12. Wharton. 13. Alcott. 14. Wiggin. 15. Rice. 16. Smith. 17. Sidney. 18. Jackson. 19. Mitchell. 20. Rinehart.

Science. *Thanks to the task of popularization performed in the last century by Herbert Spencer and John Fiske, the Darwinian theory of evolution is part of the cultural heritage of every American. Yet everyone who has reached middle life is apt to be uncomfortably aware that since he left school research has modified its hypotheses in important respects. Evidence that evolution is still very much a scientific battleground is offered by a provocative book reviewed below, "A New Theory of Evolution." Its author, Sir Arthur Keith, one of Britain's foremost anthropologists, suggests revisions not only of Darwinian evolution but of some of our most widely accepted anthropological theories. . . . In Nathaniel Faxon's "The Hospital in Contemporary Life" and James S. Simmons's "Public Health in the World Today" many of the enormous recent strides in the field of medicine and hospitalization are outlined.*

Our Fifth Largest Industry

THE HOSPITAL IN CONTEMPORARY LIFE. Edited by Nathaniel W. Faxon, M.D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 288 *pp.* $5.

PUBLIC HEALTH IN THE WORLD TODAY. Edited by James S. Simmons, M.D. The same. 332 *pp.* $5.

By Albert Deutsch

THE steady convergence of public health and medical care activities represents one of the most significant developments in the healing profession. Medical care (especially of infants, mothers, and the aged) is being incorporated in many local, state, and national public health programs; conversely, what is called "preventive medicine" is assuming an ever-greater role in the general medical arts.

These fine symposia point up this convergence. The first, edited by Dr. Faxon, director of the Massachusetts General Hospital, contains eight lively chapters on various aspects of the current hospital crisis by the editor and seven associates, most of whom are connected with both the Massachusetts General and Harvard University Medical School.

It may surprise many to learn that our 6,000 hospitals with more than 1,400,000 beds represent the nation's fifth largest industry, boasting a capital investment of four billion dollars and an annual operating cost of one and one-half billions. Every year one out of ten Americans enters a hospital as a patient. Modern medical science has greatly increased his chances of survival and recovery once admitted —the modern hospital has advanced tremendously since its poorhouse and pesthouse origins—but modern medicine has also greatly increased the cost of healing. Such paradoxes have resulted in an acute crisis, and many of our voluntary (private non-profit-making) hospitals are on the financial rocks today. They are desperately short of trained personnel, as well as of money. To meet the minimum hospital needs throughout the country, our present hospital facilities must increase by at least 40 per cent; yet hundreds of hospital wards are closed and thousands of needed beds lie idle because of the acute shortage of manpower.

These and other problems are intelligently described in the eight

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 316

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 316 will be found in the next issue.

FB DC ALPG EOLROCRDVOP

RFOR DC LAR DL EOCFDAL.

—TAQBTR QHTRAL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 315

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

—F. Bacon.

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essays comprising the volume on hospitals. The relation of the patient to the physician, the physician to the hospital, and the hospital to society provide focal points for fruitful discussion. Dr. Faxon, in his concluding chapter on "The Place of the Hospital in the Social Order," recognizes that the increasing role of Government is inevitable but expresses anxious hope that the voluntary hospital system will not succumb completely to Government control. Dr. Edward D. Churchill, of Harvard, in the opening chapter depicting the historical development of the hospital, notes that the voluntary hospital, in general, has lagged behind progress in allied fields and fears that its traditional inflexibility may prove its ruin.

The care and treatment of the patient is now but one of the three major functions the modern hospital fulfills. It is also a key center of medical research and professional training. All three roles are competently discussed in the Faxon-edited volume.

The present-day switch in stress from the cure of disease to its prevention provides the basic text of the book on public health edited by Dean Simmons of the Harvard School of Public Health. Twenty-three outstanding experts in the field run the gamut from smallpox vaccination to atomic energy safeguards. In a felicitous foreword, President James B. Conant, of Harvard, observes how the aims of both idealism and imperialism have quickened Governmental activity in public health matters. Dr. Simmons, in his introductory chapter, entitled "Mr. LeBar and World Health," uses as a symbol of the compact world the tragic case of the Mexican importer who, in 1947, journeyed to New York with a fatal smallpox infection and produced panic in the great metropolis by spreading the disease and almost creating an epidemic that was checked only by vaccinating nearly six million New Yorkers speedily.

Other contributors to this informative volume include such widely-known names as Basil O'Connor, Paul R. Hawley, C.-E. A. Winslow, Martha M. Eliot, Louis I. Dublin, George F. Lull, and Alice Hamilton. The surgeons general of the Army and Navy are also contributors.

Both volumes are valuable additions to the literature of modern health and medical practices. The Simmons book on public health would be more useful for reference purposes if it contained an index.

Albert Deutsch writes a daily column on health and other social problems for the New York Daily Compass.

Anthropoid's Progress

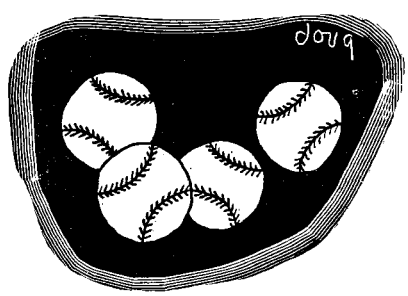
A NEW THEORY OF HUMAN EVOLUTION. By Sir Arthur Keith. New York: Philosophical Library. 451 pp. $4.75.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

SIR ARTHUR KEITH, an outstanding comparative anatomist and anthropologist, summarizes in this latest volume the views of man's origin and evolution which he has developed over at least three decades. Unlike Darwin and his immediate successors, he holds that man evolved not in Asia but in Africa. Recent excavations of human fossils in South Africa have made it necessary in his opinion to abandon the old conception of man's Asiatic emergence. Unlike the chimpanzee and gorilla that live in desert jungle country the fossil anthropoids of South Africa walked and ran in the open country because their legs were not designed for tree climbing. Moreover the South African anthropoids were not vegetarians, but omnivores and hunters who bashed out the brains of contemporary baboons. If we want to know how man became a murderer, even a cannibal, the human fossils of South Africa answer.

But how did the modern highly developed "races" originate? Here hormones played an important role, Sir Arthur maintains. No one will deny that they can alter both physical structures and functions. There is no reason why endocrine glands should not mutate in what we would call the right direction and so produce inheritable physical changes that give us not only men with fine brains but the "races" of which we have been hearing too much since the days of Count Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Sir Arthur's hormones are certainly more plausible than are Darwinian-Lamarckian hereditary structural changes brought about by use and wont.

To Sir Arthur "nation" is synonymous with "race." This viewpoint has been condemned over and over again by anthropologists and historians. But Sir Arthur sticks to it. His intransigency is the necessary consequence of his doctrine of the group



spirit—the clannishness that isolates one primitive tribe (always a largely inbred ethnic unit) from another. Migration is a more modern phenomenon, a matter of a few thousand years. Hence Sir Arthur thinks it of no great importance in the early evolution of man. It is certainly significant that the black, yellow, red, brown, and white races are still geographically segregated, for all our means of cheap, rapid transportation.

Quarrel as we may with Sir Arthur's persistence in treating nations in this way, it must be said for him that the traditional anthropological conception of "race" has never been convincing. The old, rough division of humanity into whites and blacks, yellows and browns breaks down when viewed in the light of genetics. There are in Hawaii scores of human mixtures that cannot be forced into any artificial classification.

Sir Arthur's way of dealing with nations as "races" may have a cultural importance but it is of no help to the geneticist who would like to classify human beings in terms of the original more or less pure strains from which they are descended. The anthropologists started with a preconceived notion of "race" that goes back to the eighteenth century and tried to fit their human material into that conception. If Sir Arthur's "national" conception is faulty it is because he stresses social behavior (an acquisition and not an inborn trait) and pays too little attention to genetic factors. There may be no physical differences between the people of one nation and those of a neighboring nation, as he points out; yet the two think as differently as did the primitive tribes that clung together and regarded all neighboring tribes with suspicion and hostility. Nationalism is akin to "racism," Sir Arthur holds, and both are important to him in accounting for human evolution.

Sir Arthur is so good and clear an expositor of his doctrines that this book will arouse not only the interest of the general reader, who has been brought up with all the prejudices of his grandfather, but the opposition of anthropologists. But what higher praise can be lavished on a book than that it provokes thinking? This reviewer hopes that Sir Arthur will be widely read not only because he is provocative, but because of his literary skill, his power of persuasion, the courtesy with which he treats his adversaries, and the utter lack of anything that remotely resembles bias or truculence in his treatment of controversial anthropological problems.

Waldemar Kaempffert is science news editor of The New York Times.

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Americana. *When the late Constance Lindsay Skinner nearly twenty years ago talked Messrs. Farrar and Rinehart into issuing a series that would celebrate the past of America through the folklore of its rivers, she helped start one of the most successful ventures in publishing. Thanks to the curiosity about our national heritage that has flourished during the past two decades, Miss Skinner was also helping inaugurate a trend that has affected the whole book world. After her own Rivers of America, other publishers launched series honoring American lakes, mountains, regions, and racial groups. The public's appetite is apparently insatiable. Now localities hitherto overlooked by the series are receiving attention in single volumes, such as Harlan Hatcher's story of northern Ohio, "The Western Reserve," and the Murphy-Weld anthology about the habitat of "dem bums," "A Treasury of Brooklyn."*

New Connecticut in Ohio

THE WESTERN RESERVE. By Harlan Hatcher. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 365 pp. $4.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

IN AN essay in this journal several years ago, Harlan Hatcher wrote that a traveler from the Ohio River to Lake Erie could feel that he had been transported from Virginia to Connecticut. Now Mr. Hatcher tells with warmth, learning, and imagination "the story of New Connecticut in Ohio." His new book shows how a colony of New England was established on the long Lake Erie shore and how that colony developed into a commonwealth such as no Connecticut Yankee could foresee.

The Western Reserve is an area between Lake Erie and the 41st parallel, extending 120 miles west from the border of Pennsylvania. Originally known as New Connecticut, it was a domain which Connecticut reserved for herself while ceding the rest of her vaguely claimed Western lands. To this region of forest, field, and swamp the first party of Connecticut men came in July 1796. When he laid out the central town of the Reserve, called by his own name, Moses Cleaveland dared to believe "the child is now born that may live to see that place as large as Old Windham." Less than a century later A. B. Hinsdale wrote: "No other 5,000 square miles of territory in the United States, lying in a body outside of New England, ever had, to begin with, so pure a New England population. No similar territory west of the Allegheny Mountains has so impressed the brain and conscience of the country."

For some reason the Western Reserve has retained its colonial designation, and despite its astonishing commercial development it has retained some of its early New England character. Place names have been a reminder: near the shore of Lake Erie lie the towns of New London, New Haven, Norwalk, Ridgefield, Greenwich, and Danbury. Architecture was transplanted from the older province: under Ohio elms are houses, schools, and churches that came direct from New England. The new domain had a lakefront like the Connecticut seaboard on the Sound. It was a transplanted colony in which life could be carried on in the remembered ways, with the village livestock grazing in the public green. Early newspapers in the Reserve printed marriage and death notices from old Connecticut.

But, as the first colonists knew, it was a more fertile land, and, as they did not know, it was a natural meeting place for Pennsylvania coal and Lake Superior iron ore. It was close to the industrial future.

Mr. Hatcher's book is a harmonious mingling of learning, observation, and reflection. From surveyors' field notes to city directories, from bills of lading to newspaper files, he has looked into the complex story of how a colony grew into a commonwealth. The building of canals and railroads brought new trade and teeming new populations. The growth of banks and business corporations overshadowed the early wheat fields and the dairy herds. The twentieth century found a dozen languages in New Connecticut, and nearly as many foreign-language newspapers. Now in the Cleveland Cultural Gardens fifteen foreign nationality groups pay respect to their unique cultures.

I have mentioned the book's quality of reflection. It is the kind of reflection that makes a present-day American wonder that the beginnings of his society were so short a time ago and are yet so distant from him. The more searching reflection—about how the sons of God-fearing men from Connecticut took charge of the steel business and of national politics—this book does not dwell upon, though no one could do better with that analysis than Mr. Hatcher.

One reason for the high degree of reader interest in this book is the stream of people who move through it. While Mr. Hatcher keeps one aware of the restless life of the Reserve, he often brings his narrative to focus on arresting figures. Moses Cleaveland is pictured as a man to remember. Joseph Smith led his Mormon colony to the quiet town of Kirtland, and its quiet was ended. Alfred Kelley left the comforts of retirement to build the lagging Cleveland, Columbus & Cincinnati Railroad. Samuel L. Mather organized the Cleveland Mining Company and Captain Alva Bradley built a fleet of ore-carrying ships. The procession goes on—with Garfield and McKinley, Rockefeller, Hanna, and the Van Sweringens, Howells and Edison, Tom Johnson and Newton D. Baker. These are names from the Reserve, names that entered into the trade and politics of the nation and into its brain and conscience.

Old New England Primer

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

Thy life to mend,
God's Book attend.

The Cat doth play,
And after slay.

A Dog will bite
A thief at night.

The Eagle's flight
Is out of sight.

The idle Fool
Is whipped at school.

As runs the Glass,
Man's life doth pass.

My book and Heart
Shall never part.

Job feels the rod,
Yet blesses God.

Proud Korah's troop
Was swallowed up.

The Lion bold
The Lamb doth hold.

The Moon gives light
In time of night.

—From "Old New England."

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Ebbets Field Terrain

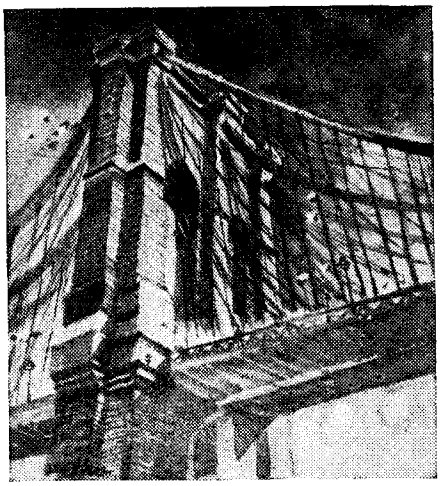
A TREASURY OF BROOKLYN. Edited by Mary Ellen and Mark Murphy and Ralph Foster Weld. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 435 pp. $5.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS is an anthology of Brooklyn, made up of extracts, factual and fictional, all the way from Richard Denton, in 1670, to Thomas Wolfe, Irwin Shaw, and Edmund Wilson. It is not an anthology of Brooklyn authors—natives, that is, or even necessarily long-time residents, though there are some of both—but every writer included speaks from first-hand knowledge, whether it be Peter Sluyter visiting, in 1679, "the first village, Breukelen, which has a small and ugly little church standing in the middle of the road," or Nunnally Johnson expressing the conviction that Nathalia Crane, nine-year-old poetic prodigy of 1922, was not a fake.

Here, of course, are Walt Whitman (very little; the compilers didn't want to overwork him), Betty Smith, Ernest Poole, Christopher Morley, Laura Jean Libbey (by and about), Henry Ward Beecher (about only); here, too, are Samuel Woodworth, Carson McCullers, Julian Ralph, Charles Hanson Towne, Robert H. Moses, Ring Lardner, Theodore Dreiser, Lewis Mumford, Paxton Hibben, and Sinclair Lewis. Some of the citations are not particularly pertinent or apposite. The description of the street-car strike from "Sister Carrie," for instance, could have been about any street-car strike anywhere. But the Dodgers are Brooklyn's own, and it is good to see that the compilers are aware of the origin of the name.

A good many anthologies of this type suffer from over-documentation.



—*From the "A Treasury of Brooklyn" jacket.*

This one has the opposite shortcoming. Or perhaps it is simply a matter of bad arrangement. The compilers seem to have an idea that people read anthologies just as they do any other book. I doubt it. I think they dip. For example, there are four pages of extracts "from Mayor Gaynor's letters and speeches," introduced exactly thus, and occupying pages 167 to 170. The extracts are typical and good. But suppose you have no idea who Mayor Gaynor was. Well, you get that information on pages 150 and 151, back in the introduction to the section headed "Politics." If you haven't read that you are on your own. It takes more than selection to make a good anthology—it takes packaging.

Evening on the Beach

By Marion Lineaweaver

YOUNG boy running
With the wind in his hair
And a little girl after
In the chartreuse air.

I stand with open arms,
But they run out wide,
Up to the yellow dunes,
Down to the tide,

And then back together.
"Children! Come home!"
But their eyes have caught the sunset
And their feet are on the foam.

Second-Hand Market

TREASURES IN TRUCK AND TRASH, by Morgan Towne. Doubleday. $2. This book is about old books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, handbills, signs, trade cards, programs, valentines, catalogues, scrapbooks, paintings, prints, wallpaper, furniture, lamps, china, pottery, silver, pewter, tinware, glassware, fire tools, stoves, kitchenware, textiles, stencils, jewelry, clocks, watches, toys, dolls, buttons, postage stamps, letters, documents, diaries, and so on. With a roster like that, the treatment is inevitably highly superficial. The book lists a few hundred of the thousands of valuable books (there are millions of books, of course, of no value at all), with "indications of retail value." It lists a few reference books, but does not say whether they are still in print or, if so, what they cost. A reasonably complete list of these manuals, with notes on availability and cost, and a sentence or two of description, would make a valuable reference work. This is, rather, an attempt to do too much in too little space. —J. T. W.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

more than love, and an establishment run for bachelors and still permeated by the spirit of a man long dead. How Ruth almost destroyed, and proud old Appuhamy intrigued to salvage, the honor of the house, and how the Elephant People at last revenged themselves upon the interlopers at the Big Bungalow, builds up into an exciting and dramatic tale.

Robert Standish, author of "Elephant Walk," has himself engaged in tea planting in Ceylon, and spent many of his years as a journalist in the Far East. His "Three Bamboos" and "The Small General" will be remembered as outstandingly authentic pictures of life in the Orient. In this new novel he displays rare understanding of the Englishman in the tropics, and with nostalgic vividness, paints an existence more spacious than any we shall see again.

Fiction Notes

THE RED DRESS, by John Watson. Harper. $2.75. From the day country-bred Pearl goes to town to buy shoes, lipstick, nylons, and a tight fitting red dress, evil plagues her family. Her denial of calico and bare feet, her desire for the town and for freedom spell doom. It is a mounting doom. Mr. Watson tells it with terror and with heartache for the good people it destroys.

For Pearl annihilates those she touches. Cruelly vindictive to her parents, stealing her sister's husband, directly causing the murder of this same sister, she manages to feel supremacy for a moment. Guilt points to an innocent Negro. When that guilt is properly placed, Pearl herself is murdered. The boomerang strikes down the wicked.

Nothing is left. The old man and his wife are alone, bereft of all they loved, existing without purpose. It is for them we weep when the taut tale has been told, the tense drama played out, and the dreams of the innocent shattered. Arresting, exciting, and sincerely touching.

LORD JOHNNIE, by Leslie Turner White. Crown. $3. With unflagging consistency, with a driving insistence on coincidence, and with infinite resolution, Mr. White in his historical novel maintains a level of untouched improbability. His hero is a superman. Born out of wedlock, living as an outlaw, slaying, roistering, robbing, forging, and duelling, he still manages to

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enlist love and loyalty. Take his looks for granted, assume his amorous adroitness, rely on his leadership and craftiness on land or at sea, and you can be sure you have "Lord Johnnie."

From eighteenth-century London to New York, with marriage on the eve of his planned hanging, with abduction of his hoity-toity lady, with naval engagements and privateering, the scene shifts restlessly, plastered with events. But honor will out. Aristocratic paternity is established, the Union Jack flies aloft, and Johnnie becomes a true Lord of the Realm.

Camera! Lights! Action!

HICKORY SHIRT, by George Palmer Putnam. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. Here we have an incident, a tale told round flickering fires, passed on from generation to generation until the hundred-year span has simmered the thing down to the slimmest structure. Men and women pushed West in 1850. After '49 they all faced stiff competition with the doomed Donner party. No use. All else is pallid unless touched with freshness.

Mr. Putnam's group gets as far as Death Valley. Two men love a lass; one good, one evil, but neither willing to do in the other. Fair play for the lady, and may the best man win. He does. A Marine unit in himself, he repels avalanche, flood, ambush, and Indian raid. On the side he and his rival fight it out in what they consider a desultory fashion, aiming for eyes, eager to throttle the windpipe, happy to crush the thumb.

A heavy reliance on mortician's jokes and a tendency to italicize for overemphasis weaken the brawn of this blustering brand.

SMOKE UP THE VALLEY, by Monte Barrett. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Gun-play in the Texas of the 1870's. Law may be shaky, justice hazy, and corruption commonplace, but it's anybody's right to grab the whip-hand. Men are surely mighty men out thar; quick on the draw, ready to scalp, to kill for a throw of the dice or to turn cattle thief for the money it brings. Fighters are a dime a dozen, but good citizens and true are sadly scarce.

So scarce it's hard to recognize them. But that's where the fun comes in. The stalwart sheriff turns out to be a wolf on all counts, and most of the cozy German homesteaders eventually reveal themselves as sadistic sneaks. It takes young, tough, vengeful Grady Scott, orphaned by Indian raids, to track down the gang, to give the guilty what for, and to win the girl in the case.

Slow going and involved. Should settle for the double feature.

COME CLEAN MY LOVE, by Rosemary Taylor. Crowell. $3. Rosemary Taylor is a prankster, a fun-lover, a gagster, the perpetrator of many a joke. She's thrown them all together and come up with a bag chockablock full of tricks. Certainly she gets "A" for effort; the strain for mirth is tremendous.

It happens in Arizona. An ex-husband discontinues his alimony, leaving his divorced wife and his son flat broke. The boy gets a job in a laundry rather than live on his rich fiancée. He competes successfully with the only other plant in town, launches promotion campaigns, unleashes ideas, establishes new methods, makes money, and earns the right to wed. None of this is accomplished without involuted, so-called comical situations. Made to order for local high-school talent shows. Try it. For my part, the starch has gone limp and a mild mildew has set in.

OH GLITTERING PROMISE, by Anne Fisher. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. It is California that lures the traveler from 1849 on. We have come to expect this tour to lead to an overflowing till. Miss Fisher disappoints us; hers is an unrelieved hard-luck tale. The only promise for anyone, most especially the reader, is in the title. There is no gold in those distant hills after all.

A Pennsylvania miner leaves his wife and sons to seek the world's goods. He has a happy, exotic, and lingering affair with a Chilean content to be his "California wife." Very obliging, very handy set-up. His wedded mate, greedy for gold, arrives on the scene, sets up shop, gives birth twice, loses one baby, lives to know her favorite, philandering son has been murdered by a jealous Mexican, and dies in a cave-in with her eager hands clutching a great big old nugget. Too late for her, but time enough for Father. The old flame still flickers.

All firmly tethered to the flat, the stale, and the unprofitable. Folksy forensics.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

SCREEN

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The Day I Walked the Downland

By Roberta Teale Swartz

THE day I walked the downland
With no one by my side,
I pulled my coat the closer
For the cold that Whitsuntide;

I pinned my cloak the closer
As I passed beside the wood,
And there I thought of Christus
That hangs on Holy Rood.

As I climbed the thorny hillock,
As I mounted up the stile
I thought of the dead Christus,
And there I stood awhile

When far upon a hillside
The sunshine sped before
Illumining a garden
Upon the valley-floor.

The wild clouds overtook it
But full the light remained:
Upon a dazzling unicorn
It constantly downrained.

From that mysterious meadow
He turned and noticed me,
With all his wounds apparent—
But O, he was not free.

His collar set with beryl stones
Was buckled bright to see,
But he was chained by a golden chain
To a pomegranate tree.

Within a little picket fence
On thousands of fair flowers,
He lay and listened to the church
A-striking of the hours.

He listened to the village church
And turned and noticed me;
We heard the tedious hours toll
Against eternity.

I looked into his flashing eyes
And nothing though he said
He put the Rood from out my mind
For that he was not dead:

For that he lived much more than died
To set his people free,
And from that princely garden, Lord,
They will unfasten thee.

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The Film Forum

ART AND NATURE

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The three color films reviewed below recapture some aspects of life on the North American Continent as it must have been a century or so ago. Relics of Indian cultures—ceremonial masks, totems, and other representative and mystical figures—provide material for the first two films. In their highly different techniques the films give meaning to art forms which heretofore have been relegated to museums. In addition they provide insight into a way of life which has become almost total myth. The third film shows the animal world upon which these Indian cultures were intimately based, and which also has been nearly forgotten in this mechanical age.*

THE LOON'S NECKLACE

Produced by Crawley Films. Available from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., Wilmette, Ill. (11 min., color)

This film is based on an Indian legend telling how the loon got his white neck-band. The story revolves around an old blind medicine man, his magic shell necklace, and his spirit-father, the loon. But more unusual than the story is the extremely effective device by which this legend of British Columbia is presented. Wooden ceremonial face masks are worn by all the characters, and carved animals and painted backdrops provide authenticity and at the same time create the necessary illusion of unreality.

These brightly colored masks and figures might ordinarily appear static and dead to the unaided eye. But under the skill of the film's director and photographer (Radford Crawley and Grant Crabtree) they come to life in their own stylized way. External movements of the camera, as well as the bodily motions of the human beings who wear the masks, allow the inherent expressions and emotional values in these primitive art forms to show with unexpected forcefulness. Incidental personifications of the blustering north wind and the queenly smooth-faced moon are especially charming.

"The Loon's Necklace" was recently selected as Film of the Year in Canada, and it has won other honors at film festivals in Edinburgh and Cleveland, indicating a deserved popularity with adult audiences and youngsters alike for some time to come.

TOTEMS

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and available from its New York office at 1270 Avenue of the Americas. (11 min., color)

Something of the history and meaning of the totem poles which were first discovered in British Columbia about a hundred years ago is told in this film, which was produced and directed by Laura Bolton, with the technical assistance of Dr. Marius Barbeau. Shown in their natural colorful landscape of snow-capped mountains, majestic fir trees, and clear, still lakes, the animal figures are explained casually and sometimes not too clearly.

An excellent musical background of drums and chants in Indian style adds to the effectiveness of the film, which compared to "The Loon's Necklace" is more a travelogue than a really creative film.

REALM OF THE WILD

Produced by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Available from the Motion Picture Division, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. (28 min., olor)

As a documentary film, "Realm of the Wild" has relatively modest aims. It is little more than a tour through our nation's forests with a simple plea for conservation of wild life as its message. But it is one of the most handsome and exciting outdoor color films ever made. Audience after audience has felt its distinctive charm and appeal. Those who are quite unfamiliar with the documentary film have responded to it without inhibition or sophistication. "This is the first film I've ever seen that showed wild life in the raw," said the representative of one enthusiastic city audience, "and it's really wonderful." It is difficult to imagine an audience that would disagree. Excellent color photography.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

(Continued from page 7)

in *The Communist*, offered to shake hands with J. P. Morgan, who, having been dead for some months, was in no position to accept the invitation. Harry Bridges talked about the extension of the no-strike pledge far into the postwar world.

Browder had been leader of the Party for fifteen years. He had steered it from anti-Roosevelt militancy to pro-Roosevelt popular frontism to anti-Roosevelt isolationism to pro-Roosevelt war unity, all without a quiver of distatste. But the experience of the wartime coalition seems to have given him the vision of an Americanized Communist Party, working with its fellow American parties to solve the urgent questions facing the nation. He transformed the wartime tactic of national unity into a postwar strategy and argued the possibility that progressive capitalism, to save itself, would embark on policies favorable to the workers at home and to the Soviet Union abroad.

IN APRIL 1945, however, Jacques Duclos of the French Communist Party, published the celebrated repudiation of Browderism in *Cahiers du communisme*. The article lambasted Browder and commended William Z. Foster, quoting at length from Foster's criticisms of Browder within the Communist Central Committee—criticism which Browder had suppressed and which Foster not long before had sternly denied making.

The material in the article had clearly been handed over to Duclos by Moscow in order to announce the fundamental shift from the wartime policy of collaboration. It is likely that Moscow was simply using the CPUSA as a scapegoat in order to chart the new line for the somewhat more important Communist parties of Western Europe. Browder, receiving his copy of the *Cahiers du communisme* late in April, began to edge his way toward the new position. But the unexpected publication of Duclos's attack by the *New York World Telegram* forced the Communists' hand. Overdoing things as usual, spurred on, in addition, by the personal hatred which many party functionaries, led by Foster, had developed toward Browder, his erstwhile followers ganged up on him and expelled him from the American leadership. Subsequent developments suggest that Moscow neither expected nor, probably, desired this result; at most, it doubtless intended a suspension of the kind that Harry Pollitt, the British Communist leader, received for his anti-Nazi deviation of 1939.

The events of the next few weeks show Communist methods in full swing—comic perhaps on the scale employed, but appalling in their implications if applied to an entire nation. In June 1945 the National Committee met to consider the case of Browder. With a vengeful Foster leading the attack, the members indulged in a three-day orgy of denunciation, while the unfortunate Browder, accused of such heinous offenses as "chronic tailism," slumped deeper and deeper in his chair, his head in his hands. The attacks were interlarded with confessions and avowals of penance on the part of the erring brethren attempting to explain how they had gone astray. Browder's speech in his own defense was subsequently suppressed by Foster lest it contaminate the membership—just as Foster's own criticism of Browder had been suppressed a year before.

There followed recriminations of intense bitterness. Browder retired into inactivity; but attacks continued upon him unabated; and soon the Westchester County (sic) section of the Party was entertaining a motion for his expulsion from the Party itself. In February 1946 the notice of expulsion appeared in the *Daily Worker*. Browder promptly accused the Secretariat of circulating charges against him which "ranged the whole gamut of social and political crimes excepting perhaps that of murder." One member of the National Board even proposed, according to Browder, that he be given the job of scrubbing floors in the National Office. "If there had been any evidence that there existed a real need for my services in this capacity, I would gladly have given them. However . . . I did not see fit to take the suggestion seriously." His refusal to give the National Board the names of all Party members to whom he had spoken since the convention the summer before evidently precipitated his expulsion. Two months later he was on his way to Moscow.

THE trip to Moscow was not unlike the pilgrimage made by Lovestone and Gitlow in 1929 after their repudiation by the Comintern. Both Lovestone and Gitlow were offered jobs if they promised to cease their opposition; both turned the propositions down. Browder accepted his offer and returned to America with a five-year contract as representative of Soviet publishing houses in the United States. He thus remains on the payroll in anticipation of a new shift in policy.

Since the war, one of the primary objectives of the Communists is what they call "mass organizations"—that is, groups of liberals organized for some benevolent purpose and, because of the innocence, laziness, and stupidity of most of the membership, perfectly designed for control by an alert minority. Sometimes the Communists start the organization themselves; sometimes—as in the case of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions in 1945 and 1946—they take over an existing organization. The Attorney General's list of subversive groups (whatever the merit of this type of list as a form of official procedure) provides a convenient way of checking the more obvious Communist-controlled groups; the list includes such outfits as the Civil Rights Congress, the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, the Congress of American Women, and the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. (The inclusion of such anti-Communist revolutionary groups as the Socialist Workers Party in the Attorney Gen-

The End Implicit

Sara King Carleton

IT IS no new country you are seeking;
the desired country is the place you will always come back to;
the ship you take will sail there,
the corner you turn will bring you there,
the door you open.

It is no new country—
the child you were is waiting,
the broken, unforgotten promise,
the expectant heart crying for love.
There is the first good-by and the last believing.

The accomplished thing determines all nature,
its end implicit,
the thing, that by which it is what it is:
saw made steel
for its one purpose toward wood.

There is no new country for you to sail to,
no sea, no shore—
Only yourself completed in your beginning,
alone with the answer given when you were born.

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eral's list seems to me foolish and unwarranted.) The Attorney General's list, however, leaves out organizations like PCA, which have a large proportion of non-Communist members, but rarely, if ever, oppose Communist objectives.

The infiltration into mass organizations is accompanied by a larger attempt to organize culture itself. During the Thirties the Party engaged in ambitious projects—the cult of "proletarian literature" and the American Writers' Congress—by which they sought to establish firm control over the literary scene. These projects had a temporary success. But there seemed to be some basic incompatibility in the relationship between the CPUSA and the creation of literature. The promising writers either broke with the Party or abandoned serious writing in favor of Hollywood or disappeared entirely. Who can name today three "proletarian writers" of the early Thirties?

Yet the Party has not given up. Where it still has power, it has sought systematically to enforce the doctrine that writing must conform, not to the facts, not to the personal vision of the author, but to a political line. Samuel Putnam, a disenchanted Party-Line author, described in an article in the *New Leader* an instance which took place in 1946: "I had a book in press in which I set forth certain opinions that the Party looked upon as unorthodox. No one, I take it, was supposed to know what the book contained except the author and his publisher; but somehow, doubtless through a loyal member somewhere along the line, the *Daily Worker* found out. . . . I was accordingly visited by a Party functionary, who insisted that I discuss my book with him. This I declined to do; and just to see what his reaction would be, I quoted to him the words of Emerson that had stuck in my mind ever since high-school days: 'Speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow, speak what you think in words just as hard though you contradict everything you said today.' 'That,' he replied, 'is a luxury you can't afford in times like these.' And I think it was then I finally realized what an unbridgeable gulf there was between us."

A *New Masses* controversy not so long ago displayed the exercise of Party discipline in the literary field in rewarding detail. Albert Maltz, a former novelist who had become a Hollywood writer, submitted an article to the *New Masses*. Communist critics, the author suggested in mild and tentative language, had perhaps employed political standards a trifle too mechanically in judging literary works. The *New Masses* itself, for example, had castigated "Watch on the Rhine" as a play but praised it as a film, the Nazi attack on Russia having intervened to transform the Party Line toward Germany. Writers like James T. Farrell and Richard Wright, Maltz went on, even though anti-Stalinist, might still be able to write good novels. The political criterion, Maltz suggested, was fatal to artistic creation. "I know of at least a dozen plays and novels discarded in the process of writing because the political scene altered," he confessed, in a significant revelation of artistic methods in the Stalinst world. ". . . I even know of a historian who read Duclos and announced that he would have to revise completely the book he was engaged upon. . . . Obviously the authors in question were not primarily bent upon portraying abiding truths, either of character or of the social scene, but were mainly concerned with advancing a political tactic."

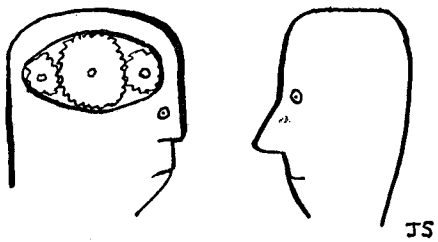
Isidor Schneider, literary editor of the *New Masses*, sent Maltz a note of approval and printed the article. Then all hell broke loose. Week after week in the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker* the bush-league Zhdanovs—Howard Fast, Mike Gold, Eugene Dennis, even Foster himself—attacked Maltz in the most unrestrained manner. Maltz's subsequent performance was a pathetic demonstration of the power of Shigalovism. Capitulating completely, he even turned on sympathizers who had written to the *New Masses* objecting to the abusive tone in which correction had been administered. "What should be clear is that my article made fundamental errors," wrote the purified Maltz, as repentant as any Russian geneticist. ". . . A serious and sharp discussion was required."

As James T. Farrell pointed out in an article in the *Modern Review*, writers who accept easy social formulas may gain a superficial and temporary clarity about the world they live in; but they pay a price for allowing others to tell them what they ought to think and write. "They lose their own insights, and harden their talents. Many writers who take this path become cynical, and even abandon writing. They finally reach the point where they don't know their own problems, and are completely disoriented." The writer, it is clear, must have social perspectives—but they must be his own. The susceptibility to programs corrupts the artist by distorting and eventually superseding the personal truths by which he is nourished. Hence Balzac and Stendahl, whatever their politics, were more truly revolutionary than Victor Hugo or Eugène Sue; Henry James more than a Party Line G. A. Henry like Howard Fast.

So direct political control either throttles the serious artist or makes him slick and false. Like Maltz, John Howard Lawson, Alvah Bessie, and Dalton Trumbo, the fellow-traveling, ex-proletarian writers go to Hollywood and become film hacks. Until, that is, they refused to own up to their political beliefs before a committee of Congress—in response to which the film industry, rearing itself in an unwonted spasm of moral nobility, turned them out into the storm. I do not wish to imply approval of the question asked by the Un-American Activities Committee. I suspect, however, that if the Committee had been asking witnesses whether they were members of the Ku Klux Klan, the Silver Shirts, or the Trotskyites, Mr. Lawson and his friends would be overflowing with indignation at the refusal to answer.

HOLLYWOOD, indeed, has turned out to have a particularly favorable climate for the spread of Communism. The Hollywood writer, like the radio writer and the pulp fiction writer, tends to have a pervading sense of guilt. He feels he has sold himself out; he has abandoned his serious work in exchange for large weekly pay-checks; and he resents a society which corrupts him (it always seems to be society's fault in these cases). He has qualms of conscience, moreover, for making so much while others make so little. So he believes that he can buy indulgences by participating in the Communist movement, just as men in the Middle Ages bought re-

Atomic Age Fables



XIV. The Opaque Pattern

IN the cabinets of the sculptor were many strange things.

"What are these?" asked the man who made the machine that made the machine that made the machine. "Surely they are not useful."

"Useful — you fool — useful! Of course they are not useful. Your machines have deprived me of the privilege to be useful. Now, I must amuse myself." —J. S.

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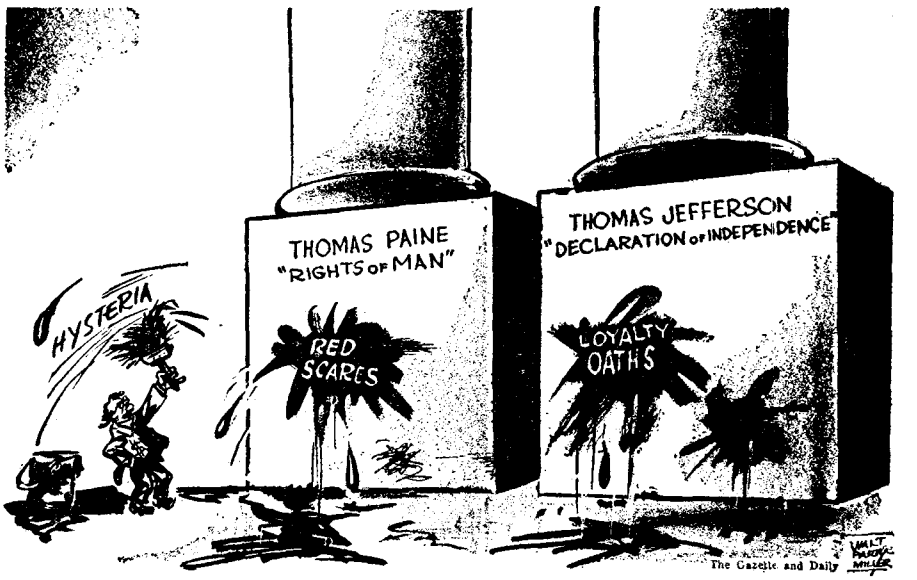
mission for sins from wandering monks.

The result of the double corruption —first by the pay-checks, then by the Communists—is a corrupt criticism and a corrupt art. The larger result has been to create a dangerous inroad upon the moral fabric of American culture. Where direct political control cannot reach, the Communists and their friends have exerted their influence toward lowering and softening artistic standards in a pseudo-democratic direction. The wildly enthusiastic Communist claque for certain types of fake folk art is symptomatic. The vogue of "Ballad for Americans," for example, or for the incredible radio plays of Norman Corwin only results in betrayal of taste.

But these half-concealed exercises in penetration and manipulation represent only a part of the Communist mission in the United States. From the beginning, the Party has had in addition an underground arm, operating apart from the formal organization of the CPUSA and working as the American section of the Soviet secret intelligence corps. Because clandestine operations of this kind are utterly foreign to American political life, many Americans dismiss them as wild fabrication. They are naive to do so. Doctrine and experience have equipped the CPUSA for underground activity. Leninism sanctioned the use by the Party of all methods in their war for survival against the American business classes; and the early history of the Party—A. Mitchell Palmer and the meeting at Bridgman, Michigan —confirmed in the minds of the Party leadership (both Foster and Browder were at Bridgman) an enduring psychology of clandestinity. Police raids, FBI penetration, and civil persecution have fortified the Communist belief that they are a small and ill-armed band, acting in a ruthlessly hostile environment, and justified in using any methods for their cause.

The underground arm of the Party works through secret members and through fellow-travelers. Secret members report directly to a representative of the National Committee; they have no local affiliations, are exempt from the usual Party discipline and are unknown to most of their Party brethren. Their Party cards usually are held in aliases, so that in the files they appear as "John Smith" with P.N. (party name) beside it. Fellow-travelers are those who for one reason or another wish to keep some elbow room but maintain relations practically as close as actual membership. A curious freemasonry exists among underground workers and sympathizers. They can identify each other (and be identified by their enemies)



Walt Partymiller in The [*York, Pa.*] Gazette and Daily.

"In the Name of Patriotism."

on casual meeting by the use of certain phrases, the names of certain friends, by certain enthusiasms and certain silences. It is reminiscent of nothing so much as the famous scene in Proust where the Baron de Charlus and the tailor Jupien suddenly recognize their common corruption; "one does not arrive spontaneously at that pitch of perfection except when one meets in a foreign country a compatriot with whom an understanding then grows up of itself, both parties speaking the same language, even though they have never seen one another before."*

Far from being a threat to the status quo in America, the CPUSA has been a great ally of the American conservatives because of its success, for a season, at least, in dividing and neutralizing the Left. It is to the American Left that the CPUSA has presented an immediate political danger. And it is in the revival of the free Left, in America and through the world, that the answer to Communism lies.

There can be no serious question that an underground Communist apparatus attempted during the late Thirties and during the war to penetrate the United States Government, to influence the formation of policy and even to collect intelligence for the Soviet Union. Though certain of the individual accusations, especially those of Elizabeth Bentley, are undoubtedly exaggerated, yet a substratum of truth survives in the stories told before the Federal grand jury.

These, then, are the proportions of the Communist movement in the United States: an organized party of 70,000 members, extending its influence by means of an underground apparatus and through the collaboration of fellow-travelers; controlling a political party, several trade unions, and a great many front organizations, and exerting a lingering power in cultural circles.

What kind of challenge does all this present to the United States? The espionage dangers, of course, are obvious and acute. No loyal citizen can underestimate these dangers, although there is probably little that he can do individually to grapple with them. All Americans must bear in mind J. Edgar Hoover's warning that counter-espionage is no field for amateurs. We need the best professional counter-espionage agency we can get to protect our national security.

Beyond this field, however, it is hard to argue that the CPUSA in peacetime presents much of a threat to American security. In every area where Communist influence can be identified and exposed, the Communists have lost ground in the last two years. Does anyone seriously believe that even the Communist Party is absurd enough to contemplate a violent revolution in the United States?

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., associate professor of history at Harvard University, is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning "The Age of Jackson." The foregoing article is an extract from his new book, "The Vital Center," which Houghton Mifflin will publish this coming September.

*Marcel Proust, "Rembrance of Things Past." "Cities of the Plain." Part I. Lionel Trilling's distinguished novel, "The Middle of the Journey," New York, 1947, is the most subtle American study of the phenomena of fellow-traveling and of Communist underground activity. For a British view, see Humphrey Slater, "The Conspirators," New York, 1949. Mr. Slater was Chief of Operations on the International Brigade Staff in Spain in 1938. He was expelled from the Communist Party in 1940 for his activity in organizing the British Home Guard against the possible Nazi invasion and, in particular, for writing a book entitled "Home Guard for Victory!" Mr. Slater's testimony can hardly be dismissed on grounds of incompetence.

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beeves—they are landscape pure and simple. With this conception of children I would quarrel; it is at once a little too egotistical and a little too simple.

Moreover Mr. Coffin's poetry sometimes slips into a prosy patch. There is no poem without a wild, weedy loveliness in it, but on the other hand there are passing few that are perfect throughout. "Making the Spring" is one of these and is, I think, a minor classic. With the exception of one line, I recommend it without reservation and only wish I were given space to quote more than the following lines:

The cleaning of this essential thing
Will be the act that leads in spring.
Before the bluets frost the glade
You will come with your long spade
To delve the bottom till the round
Diamond bulges from the ground
And the dancing rainbow shows,
To let the small boy wet his nose
In the first drink that will wake
White violets and the enameled
snake.

Audacious Logopoeia

RED WINE AND YELLOW HAIR. By Kenneth Patchen. New York: New Directions. 64 *pp.* $2.

By Dudley Fitts

IN HIS latest book of verse Mr. Patchen gives fresh evidence of the disintegration of what was originally an engaging, though always uncertain, talent. The kreens, the bosseens, the foons, the herks, augmented by the dagglesome crassitude, the mash-piece misbirdile, the gowlern neoteric and

Seraphane & Cathotex & Joanocoxi
& all the rest of Yaakibazzy's pretty
factory girls,

are here to delight the amateurs of Audacious Logopoeia; the small-boy pornography—the poet has discovered, and twice employs, the surprise rime (*e.g.*, "chores"—"wantons")—to delight small boys, I suppose; and the celebrated Whimsey ("How Jimsey O'Roon and Peter Stack, Coal Miners, Came to Be Put in the Ferbettville (Pa) Jail Early One Saturday Night") to delight all and sundry. One expects these capers from Mr. Patchen, and possibly that they do no harm, thin entertainment though they be. What one had almost despaired of seeing again, however, occurs in four or five of the present poems: a faint but distinct recrudescence of the artistic drive and intelligence that characterized his first book, "Before the Brave." "Shapes," for instance, is an elaborately constructed and generally well-controlled piece, marred occasionally by lazy diction, but urgent and generous. "Summer Storm by the Sea," a tiny composition by comparison, is also appealing. And one or two others. Yet

it is notable that these successes do not represent an advance on Mr. Patchen's part, but actually a regression, a recovery of a power which he once had and which he has allowed (either through want of discipline and taste or through lack of anything ponderable to express) to thin out into inconsequence. And they are successes only in their context. "Red Wine and Yellow Hair" is mostly dull play, wanton exhibitionism ("A hell of a fat chance my orange bears had . . ."), sentimental coarseness ("Moose-eared Mullen he's called, / And Babe o'Gruck is she— / But Trojan Helen's cold, / And dark is that Galilee"), and giggling. A depressing performance, worthy of Hurk the-Woggling-Can or the chuff-groined copulatee.

Two Ways of Seeing

FROST FOR SAINT BRIGID. By Sister Maris Stella. New York: Sheed & Ward. 94 *pp.* $1.75.

By Sighle Kennedy

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS expressed a great poetic truth when when he said (in his inverted way), "Glance master more may than gaze, gaze out of countenance." To a marked degree, the poems of Sister Maris Stella divide themselves between the two ways of seeing that Hopkins points out—the glance and the gaze.

The "glance" poems, whether they look back on a red haw or a butterfly tree seen in childhood or look around today at a shrine or an abstract cat, all are immediate, colorful, full of life. Their motion is forthright, unhesitant, surely seeking out essentials. Squirrels in a September garden sit "staring as if the gentians were/lights suddenly lit to startle the eye." An October poem notes "there are no flowers but shapes where flowers have been." A swift, sharply-focused lens follows the ascent of a pigeon.

—Suddenly he opened wide his wings
flapping at first and scattering snow
with his feet;
sweeping in gradual curves and arches
and rings,
he climbed up steadily with a strong
wing-beat.
No fleck of cloud showed in the
burnished blue
as straight into the sun the pigeon
flew.

More important, of course, than actual reporting is Sister Maris Stella's power to recreate the excitement of the vision she describes. She is successful because she achieves that very difficult thing in poetry, a personal and varied pace—maintained particularly well in that most pace-

"Comedy with a cutting edge!"—N.Y. TIMES

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by Christopher Morley

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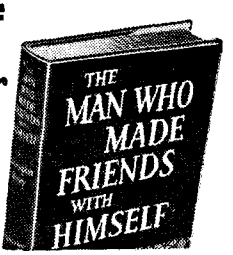

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setting of all forms, the sonnet. It may be a colloquial, informative pace:

Wild-running grapes are taut and spare and small.
You find the vines on big trees, clinging high
to withered branches, or on the sun-facing wall
of an old farm-house.

Or it may be an elongated and elusive one, as in "Under Their Dream":

In the gloom
they lay drowsily listening the minutes through
until they dreamed. But the music went on playing
under their dream and through the dark vine straying.

In several poems of much looser form (notably "Song for Bernadette" and "Resurrection") she succeeds again in producing unforced, dynamic speech. Here well-set internal rhymes give tension to wording that might otherwise be rather slack:

—somewhere Adam will rise
opening again his eyes on the world to find
nothing much changed, but of a mind that he was blind before:

The one time her use of internal rhyme rings untrue is when it is forced into a regular pattern, imitating an Irish form, for the slight, atypical poem which gives the book its name, "Frost for St. Brigid."

Least effective of Sister Maris Stella's poems are those where (perhaps anxious for a more profound insight) her glance pauses, wanders about the subject, becomes increasingly passive—relaxes into a gaze. The longer religious verses are especially prone to this—"Easter Morning," "The Veil and the Rock," and "Salve, Regina." Images and rhythms lose their distinctness, become increasingly overcast with shadows and echoes—both poetic and religious.

Happily, this weakness does not touch the poems which are her best. These lift themselves up with the exciting singleness and power she herself describes in the ascent of the pigeon—a direct upward drive in an open sky without one cloud to cover any shilly-shallying.

Double Meanings and Emotion

TELLICO BLUE. By George Scarbrough. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 122 pp. $3.

WEST AFTER WAR. By James E. Asper. Prairie City, Ill.: The Decker Press. 73 pp. $2.

By Sara Henderson Hay

THE Tellico River in the eastern hills of Tennessee gives its name to the region which George Scarbrough celebrates in his book of poems. They are not simple objective lyrics about a locality and its people, however; like Frost, Mr. Scarbrough gives a deeper significance to a familiar landscape or fact, a double meaning to what seems on the surface a single observation. There are several influences apparent in these poems in addition to Frost—Housman, MacLeish, John Crowe Ransome—but this is understandable enough in a young poet, and I do not mean to imply that George Scarbrough is slavishly dependent on techniques which he obviously admires. He is, I feel, still experimenting to find his own idiom, and even when he sounds a little like someone else there is enough of his own real poetic quality and individuality to make the poem his own.

Sometimes his work is marred, I think, by a sort of studied intellectualism, that modern tendency to be impressively oblique or obscure, and to startle the reader by unexpected imagery. "Lines for an Aunt," for example, of which I quote the opening stanzas:

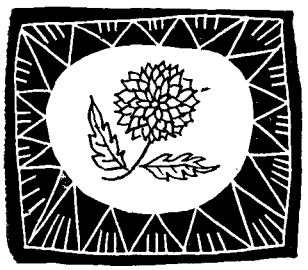
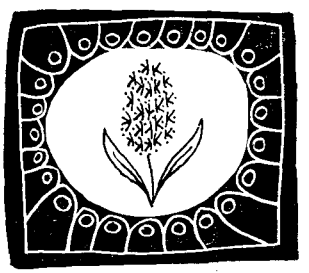
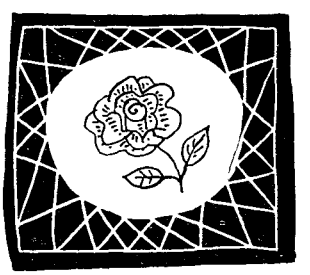
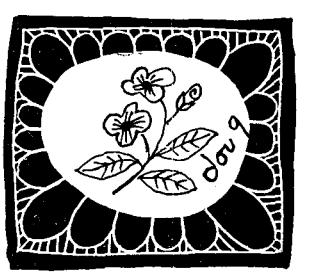
In the gray definition of her
Sycamore country, her myopic
Flirtations were grayly contrived,
Astigmatically ventured upon.
No wonder they grew vague, were,
In short, short-lived.

It was not as though not seeing
Dimensionally produced that wise state
In which abstractions are most immediately fattened:
It was only, I fear, somewhat in her geography
Which ran to the fact, bless her poor hurricane heart!
That her spheres were flattened.

And there are curious lines like "thin-eyed girl with vast particularities. . . ." and "baffled by splendid gelded color of sun. . . ." Incidentally, I am puzzled by Mr. Scarbrough's fondness for using the adjective "gelded" in such strange ways. He speaks of "gelded flowers in the old valley," "his gelded color shook against the sky," "white as gelded cloud against the storm," and, again, "a mountain's summit in a summer cloud—of gelded white." Come, come, Mr. Scarbrough! And you a country boy!

At his best and simplest, he writes movingly and beautifully. His poems about the death of his friend Reuben touch the heart and mind; "Field Beyond the Ridge" is a superb lyric, with the very warmth and color and smell of summer; "The Yearling," "Calf's Death," "Spreading Adder," "Cutting Sod Land" combine with extreme effectiveness accurate observation and sympathetic perception of a wider meaning. I think Mr. Scarbrough is a real poet. If I have seemed to carp at minor faults it is because "of whom much is given, much shall be required."

Mr. Asper is a young man of varied experiences. He has been a traveler, an editor, a missionary in the interior of Brazil; he was with the U. S. Military Intelligence in England and Africa, and he served with the Brazilian Expeditionary Force in the Italian campaign from Naples to the Po Valley. His volume of poems is an earnest attempt to put his experiences and his ideas into words, but in spite of his sincerity I find these lyrics and free verse lacking in any compelling distinction. Mr. Asper feels strongly about the waste of war, the death of young men, the injustices and the cruelties of the world; he is moved by the color and beauty of the plains of Utah and the Western United States as well as the lush green of South America, but he has not been able to translate his emotion into memorable form. His poems have occasional felicities, but they have neither the power nor the freshness to do justice to his emotional intent.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
DOWLAND: THREE SONGS ("Flow My Tears," "Shall I Sue?," "Now Cease My Wandering Eyes."). Aksel Schiotz; J. G. Schmidt, guitar. RCA Victor 12-0924 (1) 49-0 406 (1 7")	Like so many RCA imports, this lacks highs that it should theoretically have. Voice is bit distorted. Still,' it's effective enough, with good balance between solo and guitar. (Guitar is good substitute for original lute accompaniment.)	This priceless kind of music seldom is recorded; it is somehow unsuitable to formal performance but should be sung intimately. Schiotz does these consummately, but in an instrumental manner with no change of tone whatever.
MENDELSSOHN: SYMPHONY #3. "SCOTCH." Chicago Symphony, Rodzinski. RCA Victor DM 1285 (4)	Fine recording from Chicago; good highs, excellent liveness and perspective, most suitable to the music. Outclasses the NBC recordings.	Nothing Scotch about this (except touch of sadness!) but it makes agreeable and typical Mendelssohnian listening in an excellent performance.
CHOPIN, ANDANTE SPIANATO AND GRAND POLONAISE BRILLANTE, Op. 22. Claudio Arrau; Little Orch. Soc. Sherman. Columbia MX 307 (2)	Solo piano (first side) is lovely—at greater dist. than most recent Columbias (because of orch.), and the better for it. Orch. sounds bit unlive.	Early Chopin, the first part piano alone, orch. comes in for Polonaise. Arrau's clean playing is good for Chopin. Andante is best, rest is fireworks. Orchestra is only perfunctory.
MOZART: VIOLIN SONATA IN B FLAT, K. 454. Georg Kulenkampff; Georg Solti, pf. Decca ffrr EDA 108 (3)	A beautiful example of luminescent chamber recording—which does not, however, put the quite different, closer-sounding domestic variety out of joint.	These two Georgs do an excellent Mozart, unaffected, well phrased, alive, unflippant. A top item, considering the fine, modern, wide-range recording.
RACHMANINOFF, CELLO SONATA IN G MINOR, Op. 19 (1901). Edmund Kurtz, William Kapell. Radio Corporation of America Victor DM 1261 (4)	Nice balance: cello sings, but so does piano and blend is good.	If anyone could make a cello take lyrical flight, R. is the man! He does, in this long, surprisingly Brahms-like work.

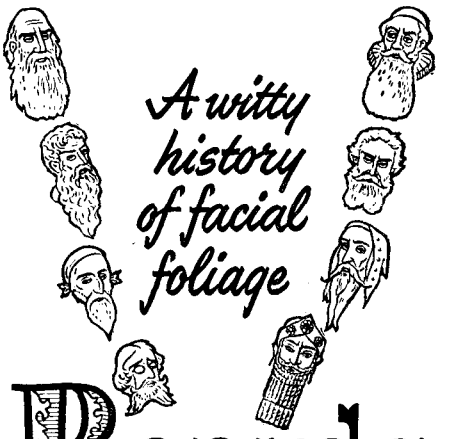
DOWLAND

THERE is an area where the phonograph with the best of fidelity can seldom enter, the vocal music of earlier centuries, written not for the hearing but for the singing. Madrigals, thus, have been well recorded—but what singing group listens other than for technical instruction? Madrigals are to be sung, to be entered into. Passive, external audition was not the idea.

So, too, with Dowland's songs (above). Those who have looked here in person, with whatever shred of voice, know them as among the greatest treasures of song. They can be performed, but never with formality. They are not arias for a showy vocal instrument, but the simplest (and subtlest), the most direct of expressions in melody, quickly killed by any voice however beautiful in tone that projects first itself. For here above all is music where the performer is a transparent medium. What could be farther from our performer-conscious times?

The great Schiotz, approaching Dowland with reverence, makes a dull sound of him. He is too reticent. The formality of the phonograph art is more than his impersonal English can penetrate. His is a perfect instrument; Dowland must have a speaking voice, plain, self-obscuring, but with the all too rare power of immediate, utterly personal communication. Often a child can sing Dowland to perfection.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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Under the white fluorescences of a thousand cities,
The shimmering printing presses run like mad,
Faster than the eye, faster than the mind can follow,
The white paper rolling out filled with black words,
Millions of words rolling and roaring out all night long like a river . . .

Words, like men, side by side fighting, side by side at peace;
The quick ones and the dead, the beautiful and the resplendent,
The flat ones, the listless, the repulsive . . .
Side by side in a thousand tongues all over the world,
In English, Russian, Spanish, in French, Chinese, Czech, Dutch,
Rolling like a ribbon around the big world,
A ribbon of black words tying the world together,
Tying the world up in a knot.

And in the morning look at the faces reading the night's grist—
Faces that stare at sorrow, faces that cry with happiness,
Faces that laugh or sneer, that cannot hide their indifference,
That drink in their pleasure and feed their hollow cheeks . . .
All over the world people cannot live without words.

Will the stream never cease, will the presses never stop?
Where shall we find vessels to hold any more?
Never mind that! Let them overflow, let them mix, let them be scooped up,
The good and the bad. There are not yet too many. Let them flow . . .
Let them flow like a river to the insatiable sea.

—PAUL H. OEHSER.

* * *

The chickencoopers are making a great arousement (that last a Vachel Lindsay word) in the Congressional barnyard. The persistent quiet rationality of a man like Mr. Lilienthal seems to madden cravers for sensation. I don't suppose Billy Rose would care for the job, but they need a real professional to organize these shows! The hopes they hold forth for a bang-up colossal spectacle all under one big top are seldom realized. A few undigested memoranda from the FBI are given a publicity that their importance hardly warrants. Of course they have for audience all of expectant Europe and a delighted segment of the Soviet Union. To see some of our public servants trying to behave as much like dictatorial asses as possible, must make our opponents feel beatific, as they do. A Congressman's misconception of what his actual duty is—but why am I so severe; why expect Congress to grow up? It never has. . . .

Now loyalty oaths are all the rage! To make a person loyal you exact from him a vow, as if you were deadly afraid that the moment your back was turned he would be as disloyal as he could be, as though this country were so inherently treacherous that it had to be coerced! It is a childish proceeding that Congressmen love. I'll say one thing: it's no way to bring up children! Imagine lining up a lot of children and making them swear to be loyal to the grown-ups! What a fool one would feel! What insures loyalty? Example. Set the intelligent example! We've all had employers. Which were the ones we'd have stood by through thick and thin? Why, the uninflated ones, with no buncombe about them, who gave you a fair deal and the benefit of the doubt, and who showed that they were decent, kind, thoughtful human beings. But a policy of poke and pry, denouncement and policing, never made anybody with any spirit loyal. It only made them rebellious. The Puritans tried it on the people of this country, and it didn't work. They had a heck of a time with Roger Williams!

I believe some Congressmen even wish the nation's school books sent to them so they can dictate what should be taught in our institutions of learning. I hate to think what some of them would prescribe! But none of them are interested apparently in, say, incidents recently reported from Alabama, where the nightshirt is rampant and invades the home of a peaceful white woman and tells her they would like to burn her at the stake, meanwhile burning a fiery cross in her front yard; invades a saloon and tells the saloon keeper to "keep these niggers down"; invades the home of an ex-Navy man and hales him out from his small children to take him to the woods and flog him. Civilization in Alabama! Not that worse things haven't happened in Georgia. The Klan spirit (whether or not the actual Klan was involved in these incidents) is a menace to America; and why the Congress of the United States doesn't take really effective action against it is a mystery.

* * *

ROAD SIGN

This day upon a busy highway
a sign stood like a hand upraised,
upon it these words: Detour
Construction Ahead;
and with slight rewording
they could serve this four-wheeled world
as a check upon their cocksure pride,
a sign for Los Alamos or any UN assembly,
these words: Detour Destruction Ahead.

—RICHARD ZEYDEL.

* * *

CARDINAL

(For Countee Cullen)

"What birds have you here?"

"The cardinal!" I proudly answered.
"His song? He whistles it:
'What cheer? What-what-what-what cheer!'
Is it not strange that cardinals should be
Here in our cold North-land?"

I saw you smile; for you could understand
How one might sing
in pain and darkness, amid alien hearts,
Of courage and of love and spring.

—JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL.

* * *

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

Nick, don't ever be supplanted,
Or grow into an invalid.
The saints must never (God forbid!)
Take themselves too much for granted.

—GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 798)

KENNETH ROBERTS:
I WANTED TO WRITE

I have tried to demonstrate why no professional writer can explain adequately any part of his never-ending apprenticeship in a two-hour interview or in two years. . . . The point is it's a lifetime task. For me that task began at Cornell.

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IDEAS AND STUDIES

(Continued from page 12)

Gandhi the politician or the economist, but in the fascination and power of his personality. It was in the two brief talks they had together that Gandhi and Sheean connected most satisfactorily, and the connection was above all emotional. I expect there will be skepticism of Mr. Sheean's extraordinary emotional state during those interviews, and of his premonitions of Gandhi's death, but I do not think that the integrity of his confession will be doubted. There is a quickening of feeling, an atmosphere of suspense and elation in these pages—a quality of fatedness on the best Indian model, as of a *chela* (disciple) finding his *guru*, which those familiar with India will easily recognize. ("Transposition" will perhaps approximate it best.) The questions Mr. Sheean asks and the answers he gets are less important than the intensity surrounding them; the actual discussion rambles, concealing the unity and purpose it is meant to affirm, but there is contact in another sense—and Mr. Sheean likens it to an apprehension of God. He had come as a dissatisfied intellectual, and wound up with a spiritual catharsis. The statement will not fail to seem valid and persuasive to the reader, since it is corroborated by a marked and scrupulous humility of terms.

The omissions in "Lead, Kindly Light" are the accident, as it were, of a powerful spotlight concentrated in one main place. The human side of Gandhi is one such. I think that his family background might have been looked into more fully, and also the strong Jain influences of his childhood and youth, later to be refined in the philosophy of non-violence; I think it should be said in all fairness that the young Gandhi was something of a faddist and quack, and that his bullying of his family where food, health, and education were concerned is not fully vindicated by his later eminence. Again, little is mentioned of the Hindu-Muslim rift that led to the holocaust of 1947 and prompted Gandhi in a moment of despair to call himself a "failure." But in a book so single-minded and deeply felt it would be niggling to call these faults anything but minor. "Lead, Kindly Light" most certainly realizes all of its author's major intentions.

Joseph George Hitrec, who lived many years in India, is the author of a novel about that land, "Son of the Moon," which won a Harper Prize.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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COLLEGE ENGLISH PROFESSOR, 48, tired of own voice wonders if too late to change. Successful Navy administration and command responsibility ashore reassuring. Wife capable, domestic, sociable, mature, hotel experience. Any future in managing year-round hotel? Or what? Open mind. No capital. Box 883-H.

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PERSONALS

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WHITE-COLLAR MALE, wild oats all sown, tastes about what you'd expect from *SRL* reader, welcomes correspondence. Box 871-H.

MATURE WOMAN, humorous, intelligent and seeking new interests, invites correspondence from other people same category. Box 870-H.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 799

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

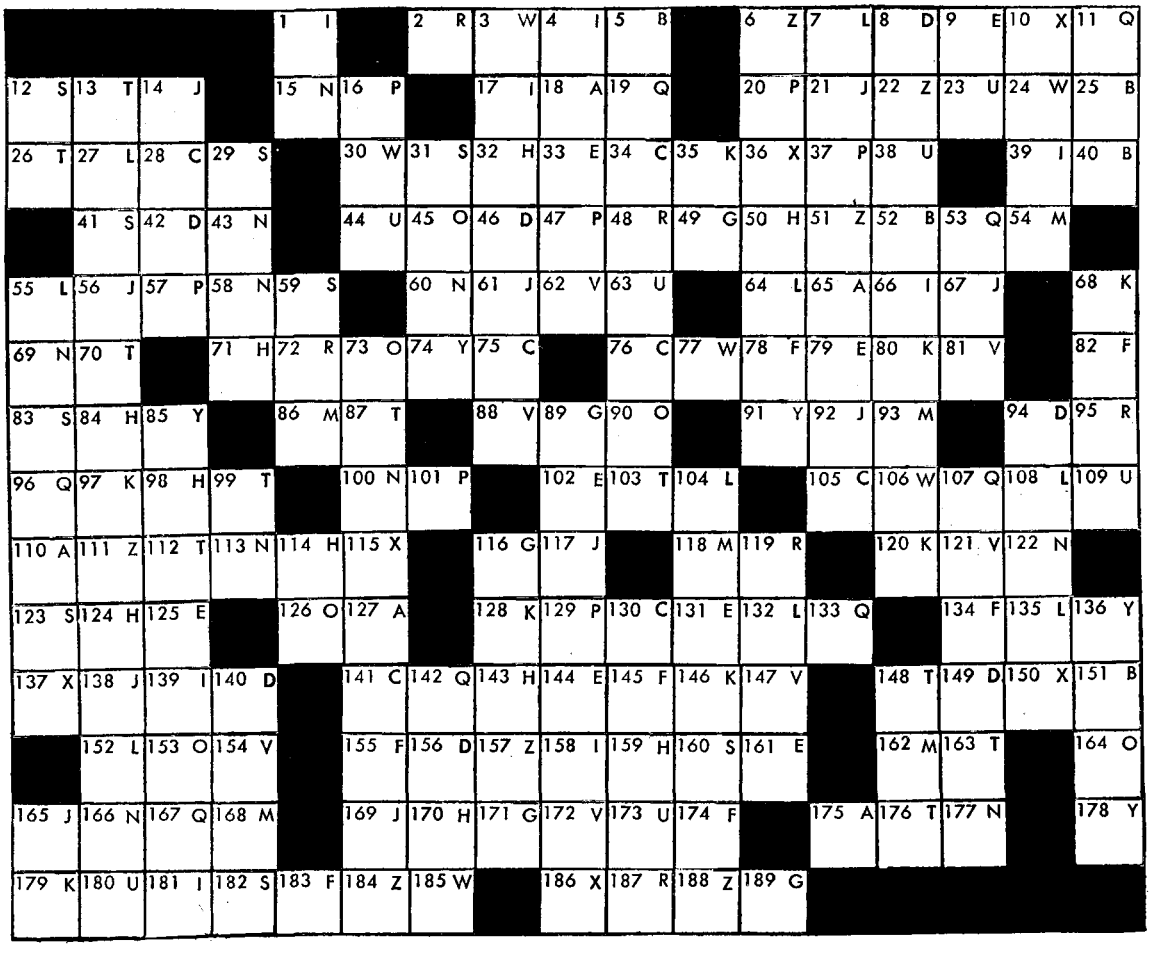
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A sincere professor of the faith (Mohammedanism).	18 175 65 110 127
B. A Biblical patriarch "translated to heaven" when 365 years old.	151 52 40 25 5
C. More exalted, stately, noble.	75 130 141 28 34 105 76
D. A son of Joseph (Bib.).	149 46 140 42 94 156 8
E. The land of the Western Hemisphere (2 wds.).	102 9 131 125 79 161 144 33
F. Evincing yearning with little expectation of gratification.	82 183 155 134 78 145 174
G. An Irish dance resembling the Virginia reel.	89 49 171 189 116
H. Of no substantial consequence.	98 50 71 124 114 170 84 143 32 159
I. The 600 men who acted as David's bodyguard from Gath (Bib.).	139 1 17 39 158 66 181 4
J. Corresponding in type of structure (biol.).	21 56 169 67 92 61 14 165 138 117
K. Aromatic seasoning from a European herb allied to wormwood, used to flavor vinegar, etc.	120 179 146 80 97 128 68 35
L. Popular heroine of a Grimm's fairy tale in first movie of that nature.	27 152 7 55 104 135 64 132 108
M. American editor and writer (1806-67; at "Idlewild," Irving's neighbor).	86 162 93 168 118 54

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A tempestuous northeast wind of the Mediterranean, called also "gregale."	122 69 166 15 60 58 43 177 100 113
O. Breed of horned sheep valued for mutton (Devonshire, Eng.).	90 45 164 126 153 73
P. Another name for common harbor porpoises.	20 57 16 101 47 129 37
Q. Name by which Bethlehem was known.	19 107 11 96 167 53 142 133
R. A race to establish the winning crew after a contest of oarsmen ending in a dead heat (comp.).	48 72 2 187 95 119
S. Those who pay divine honors to images and such.	12 59 83 123 160 41 31 182 29
T. Village in Liege province, Belgium, scene of battles, 1693 and 1793.	176 87 103 70 148 26 13 99 112 163
U. Carders, as of wool, etc.	180 44 173 38 63 109 23
V. American writer of detective and mystery fiction (1894-; "The Thin Man").	121 88 62 81 147 154 172
W. A cure-all; a panacea.	77 185 24 106 3 30
X. A stevedore.	115 10 137 186 36 150
Y. The principle of causality in Hinduism and Buddhism.	85 91 136 178 74
Z. Screams, cries; said of birds (dial. and colloq.).	22 184 157 111 51 188 6

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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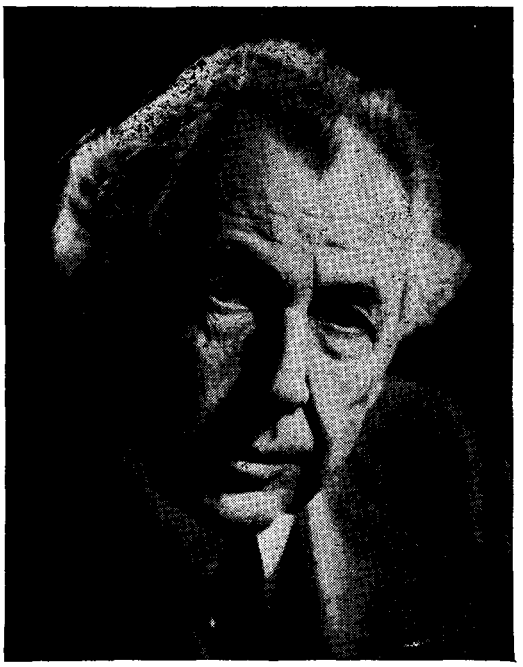
The beacon fires he has kindled...



Frank Lloyd Wright

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Citation

Frank Lloyd Wright

Prometheus brought fire from Olympus and endured the wrath of Zeus for his daring; but his torch lit other fires and men lived more fully by their warmth.

To see the beacon fires he has kindled is the greatest reward for one who has stolen fire from the gods.

Frank Lloyd Wright *has moved men's minds.*
People all over the world believe in the inherent beauty or architecture which grows from need, from the soil, from the nature of materials. He was and is a titanic force in making them so believe.

Frank Lloyd Wright *has built buildings.*
Structure in his hands has thrown off stylistic letters and taken its proper place as the dominant guiding force in the solution of man's creative physical problems.

Frank Lloyd Wright *has kindled men's hearts.*
An eager generation of architects stands today as his living monument. By precept and example he has imparted to them the courage to live an architectural ideal. They are reaching leadership in our profession, themselves dedicated to creating order and beauty, not as imitators, but as servants of truth.

It is for that courage, that flame, that high-hearted hope, that contribution to the advancement of architectural thought that this

GOLD MEDAL

the highest award of The American Institute of Architects, is presented to Frank Lloyd Wright.

Douglas William Orr
President

Clair C. Ditchy
Secretary

March 17, 1949

DUELL, SLOAN and PEARCE

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